

# THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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## A GLIMPSE INTO FAIRY LAND.

PUCK. How now, spirit! whither wander you?  
FAIRY. Over hill, over dale,  
Thorough bush, thorough briar,  
Over park, over pale,  
Thorough flood, thorough fire,  
I do wander every where,  
Swifter than the moone's sphere;  
And I serve the fairy queen,  
To dew her orbs upon the green.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Oh! shining water! gem of the mountain, lake of the sunny isles! how beautiful thou art!—beautiful in early morn, when the rolling mist in floating waves of silvery whiteness covers thy hill tops; beautiful at noon, when thy rippling waters dance in the glad sunshine, and every little cove and islet is surrounded by a jeweled diadem! Lie down on that mossy bank, soft as eider; observe the mine of beauty that spreads beyond; look on those three rocky promontories; each one as it recedes pushes farther and bolder out into the blue water. As the sight varies, see the changing pictures; one moment in shade, they present a mass and depth of foliage that looks almost entire; at their sides the lake is smooth and dark as a floor of polished jasper; cast your eye on the tiny bay between; every pebble and old log is visible beneath the transparent crystal; and how measured, musical and graceful the mimic surf, as it rolls up on the crescent of yellow sand with a coy yet frolicsome caress! the next, radiant in light, every tree stands apart in its peculiar beauty; the flexile white cedar bends over the rocks until its branches mix with the gay mosses that paint their sides; immediately beneath, the green water changes like sparkling emeralds, and shades off into various bright hues, like the back of a dying dolphin. The crests of the waves that dance up the cove are followed by long lines of golden light, outside of which others flash, twist and twine with the celerity of serpents into every possible sinuosity; then, as if spent with contest, they lie quiet and still until their brightness is lost in the sapphire blue of the deepened water. And at eve,

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how holy, how religiously beautiful, the summits of the everlasting hills, hoary with age and softened and warmed by glowing shades of rose and purple : some of the mountain gorges lie almost black in their depth of shadow, and through others streams a thin illumined mist, that stretches like a lengthened glory to the very water's edge ; while the calm lake, tranquil as an angel of peace, reflects every cloud that hovers and every object of beauty that decorates her shores.

On such an eve, in the centre of the lake, I sat on a small islet, so wrapt and overwhelmed by feelings of praise, poetry and prayer, that I had gladly seen the noisy steamer with her crowd of passengers hasten by ; and thought, as I preferred moonlight and quietness for companions, that I would row back in my own little skiff, which I had attached to the steam-boat when she came down in the morning, for the purpose of carrying me to convenient points for sketching. O thou good God ! how beautiful, glorious and heavenly hast thou made the night ; what holy teachings from a higher world shine through its thousand eyes of love ! Oh ! serene, sanctifying Night ! hope of the wearied, friend of the mourner, consoler of the penitent ; how affecting, purifying and exalting are thy divine influences !

As I gazed, my whole being seemed to commune with the changeless stars. I passed the dark gulf of death, and rose into regions calm, pure and immortal ; and as memory glanced back at the world which I had left, my soul sang a solemn silent hymn of thanksgiving that I had exchanged sin, suffering and commotion for heaven's unchanging eternal peace. An abrupt challenge to old Echo, which roared from a cannon at the head of the lake, awakened my entranced spirit ; yet the ideal had so completely overpowered the actual that it required a strong effort to recall sensation. I drew a long breath, and it was with a saddened feeling, like the exhaustion of one whose whole being has commingled with the full flow of music, that I felt returning life play through the lungs and consciousness restored to the mind. The sweet soothing night-breeze played on the water ; the black mountain rose like a giant against the star-lit sky ; as if resting on its summit, hung the bright planet Mars, that cast a long line of radiance across the otherwise darkened lake. As I had a long row, and felt somewhat in arrears to father Time, I rose hastily to go to my boat ; but somewhat to my surprise and disappointment, I found that she had drifted off, and that I must remain on my present circumscribed dominion until the steamer picked me up in the morning. This however was no great hardship, as I had spent nights in the open air, but never one in half such a delightful place. I looked for the splendid planet that had appeared like a sun amid the lesser lights ; it had risen higher in the heavens, but the clouds on the black mountain were breaking, white, golden and fleecy, from out of which ascended the full moon, showering on every height her light of love. As she rose in the concave a flood of effulgent silver poured down on mountain, lake and islet ; here and there the water lay still as a polished mirror,

while in others, touched by a light breeze, it turned up a thousand tiny ripples, that glittered in the moonlight.

I took a survey of the little island: the body was an entire rock of abrupt and fanciful outline, to the sides of which the water came deep and clear; one end composed of sand and large pebbles softened down to the water's level, on which were scattered dwarf cedars interspersed with golden-rods, lobelias, Indian posies and other wild flowers. On the outer ledges of the rock, wherever they could thrust a root, and for some distance in, grew cedars, white birch, sugar-maples and hemlocks, through the flexible branches of which rained a shower of silver light. In the centre was an open space, covered with green short turf, as smooth as a carefully-cut and rolled lawn. Toward midnight I began to feel somewhat weary, and thought that I would make a bed in the true hunter's style: selecting a spot on the edge of the green beneath the shade of a fine maple, I drew my knife from my pocket and cut from the white cedar four strong sticks, forked at one end, which I drove into the ground in the manner of bed-posts, with the crotches upward, on which lengthwise were placed two poles, and across these laid soft even branches of the same fragrant cedar. I would not have exchanged the pure air, the glorious sky, and luxurious woodland couch for the best bed in a king's palace; and I expended considerable compassion on the stifled wights pent up in cities, and thought what a pity it was that only one pair of eyes drank delight from all this beauty; when I discovered an agile figure moving lightly between the opposite trees, seemingly looking for some one, from the manner in which his eyes searched all directions: he stepped into the circle and carefully surveyed it, but the depth of shadow had apparently concealed me from his observation; while as he stood in bright moonlight, I had full time to examine him at my leisure, and well and truly he repaid the scrutiny.

He might have been a trifle but certainly very little over four feet in height, and though so small, in his figure were combined the pliant grace of youth with the composed dignity of manhood; his handsomely-cut features were rather sharp, and wore the expression of one who has seen all sides of the world, and though scorning cheatery and keen in its detection, had much rather laugh at than abuse mankind: the firm lip and frank cordial eyes inspired respect and confidence. In fact, he was such a handsome, generous, off-hand, free-looking little fellow, that my heart went round him at first sight. Yet was there something in his satirical, fun-loving glance that reminded me of my impish travelling friend. His dress was still more extraordinary than his appearance, and admirably suited his person; he had on leggings and hunting-shirt made from shining box leaves, each laid over the other in regular scalloped rows, after the manner of plate-armor, trimly belted round the waist with mercury vine, and moccasins of bright snake-skins, with a smart hussar cap of green chestnut burrs; in his hand he carried what seemed to be a long rush, from which hung a tassel of seeds, each one of which looked like a small emerald. He walked away round the

circle, peering between trees and bushes; when he neared me I tried to look as if in a quiet slumber; hearing him pass I thought that the shadow had hidden me from his sight; when he turned back, burst into a hilarious laugh, saying, 'Ah, ah, my gay fellow! so you thought your sham sleep had caught me napping?' 'I am sure if it had,' replied I, rising, 'that I should have been a great loser; that is, if you deign to favor me with your company?' 'That is what I proposed, or rather that you would become mine for a short space of time,' returned he, as he measured me from head to foot with a quizzical eye, and a smile, which he evidently endeavored to repress, played round his mouth. Then my suspicions flashed into certainty, and I exclaimed: 'I rather think that I have had a former proof of your companionable powers, and also a recollection of some accompanying advice.'

He drew himself up, and the little being actually looked noble and dignified, as he replied: 'That was a proof of yourself, not of me; I have always liked you from a child, since I first stood your friend, and wished personally to prove your nerve, discretion and self-command. You now see me in my proper person. You have had an affection and faith in us far beyond the ordinary race of mortals; and as love unlocks all secrets, I propose to initiate you into some of ours, and show you that we fairies are something more than the light, tricksome, fantastical creatures of fancy; and that we have our part assigned in the universe as well as man. You see that huge earth-giant,' said he, pointing toward the black mountain. I nodded. 'That is our particular dominion; the surface is undisturbed by the foot of man, but the interior is crowded by busy inhabitants. If you wish, I will introduce you there, and unveil to your eye and understanding mysteries that human beings, even in the older countries, have scarcely caught a glimpse of.'

'Right gladly!' replied I, giving him my hand, which he received with a slight smile, and a friendly pressure; 'right gladly; and my impatience will turn every minute into an hour until I arrive there.'

As I ceased speaking, several winged thistle-seeds wafted by; my companion waved his rush-wand three times, and at each wave pronounced a word from some unknown tongue; when a couple of the seeds changed into a pair of magnificent coal-black coursers, with long dashing manes and tails; their hoofs seemed to be one solid diamond, and every time they breathed a phosphoric light played from their mouths and nostrils. 'Mount!' said he, as he sprang on the back of one; 'wreathe your hand in the mane and follow!'

I obeyed, and we sped through space with the steadiness and precision of a well-aimed arrow. In a second we alighted on the rugged rock-piled summit of the black mountain. 'Here,' said my guide, let us pause for one moment while I give you some directions that are necessary for you to remember. In the first place, whoever and whatever you see, speak to no one but me; and in the second, touch not any unknown substance nor working implements, for they might possess occult qualities that would not exactly agree

with flesh and blood. I will also explain to you my rank and control: since the days of the Preädamites, when our people were first created, I have, under the sanction of our king and queen, held through this western world regal authority over all our different species. My name, (for among persons who have known each other so long titles would be useless,) is TREZALYUN; and now I will first make you acquainted with the denizens of the mountain, for we are composed of several races, each widely different from the other in occupation and appearance.'

He tapped on the face of a huge rock that stretched along the side of the mountain like a mural fortress, when it slid back on each side and discovered a large cavern glittering with spar. 'When we enter, the door will close, and it will be quite dark, but follow this talisman,' said he, touching the emerald tassels, 'and it will guide you safely.' We entered, and the doors that had opened to the exterior so quietly, shut and reverberated like thunder. I easily followed the sparkling beads, and after we had walked quickly for some time, evidently on a descent, there appeared a faint glimmer of white light, that gradually increased until the black sides of the cavern were silvered by what I thought a brilliant moonlight; but as we advanced it became yellower and brighter, until we arrived at a broad open space, where a large fire was burning. Nearly blinded by the excess of light, I could scarcely see, when Trezalyun drew me back, crying, 'Beware of those iron rods!' I looked down and saw what appeared rail-road tracks; 'Take care of those,' said he; 'their slightest touch would annihilate an Earth-made! they are galvanic rods strongly charged from the centre of the universe.' After this I carefully picked my steps, until we were half-way across the space, which was probably a mile in extent. 'Here,' said my guide, 'we will rest, that you may observe at your leisure. You must know that I possess the power of passing invisibly through every part of our dominions, which I have also extended to you during our present companionship, that you might the more readily satisfy your curiosity, and at the same time that our people might not be aware of your near neighborhood.'

I looked round, and a truly animated scene presented itself. An immense cavern, filled with busy miners; broad, brawny, ruddy, full-faced, laughing little fellows, were busy in every direction; and whether they worked or talked the most, it was impossible to decide, for tongue and hands were equally industrious. What with the lights in their caps and the life in their faces they were the merriest and most alert-looking little beings that my eyes had ever rested on. 'A brave set of miners!' exclaimed I, 'and right jolly dogs withal!' 'They are not exactly miners,' said Trezalyun; 'we will walk nearer that you may see their occupations. You must know,' continued he, 'that the interior of this globe once consisted of only two materials, and that the untiring industry of those little beings, who are called *Waaths*, in mixing and remixing those substances, with the application of central electro-magnetism, has effected all the various changes that you Earth-mades call stratas and minerals. But draw

nearer; see, they are about to make a vein of your worshipped ore.' He pointed to the sides of the cavern, which I observed was porphyry, through which ran a wide irregular crack lengthwise, with numerous small ones branching out from it; these were filled with what looked like yellow clay, several baskets of which stood around. 'There,' said my friend, 'observe those who apply the rod; they are called *Aucipo*, and are fairer and smaller and of a different race from the others. They have charge of the axis upon which the world turns, and of those rods which are conducted from it; they determine what degree can be abstracted from the central power without interfering with what you call the 'law of nature.'

By this time they had applied a rod to each end of the clay; and scarcely had they come in contact, when it was instantly transmuted into a vein of the purest and finest gold. 'There is more of that yellow metal in this mountain,' observed Trezalyun, 'than the Spaniards gained by the conquest of all Mexico; but I have not shown you a tithe of the treasures concealed in its dark depths.' As we walked, I saw imbedded in spar bright branches of silver that ran in all directions. 'We may as well take a light,' said my guide, as he picked up a torch, and turned down a fissure that opened between two black beetling rocks. As we proceeded the deep pass grew so rugged, precipitous, forlorn and appalling, that it appeared like a descent to Avernus; when, on turning a sharp angle, we suddenly came in front of an immense block of rock-crystal, which Trezalyun swung back and displayed a brilliantly illuminated grotto, radiant with sparkling gems. 'This,' said he, 'is called *Kelia's Grotto*; it is our treasury of jewels. Here are all the rarest that have been collected since this continent was first peopled.

I could readily believe him; for diamonds, amethysts, rubies, sapphires, emeralds, and other precious stones, covered with a dazzling brightness roof, sides and floor; but as my bewildered eye glanced round, it fell on an object that surpassed them all. On a throne studded with turquoise, sat, or rather reclined, a being of celestial beauty. Her figure, though small, was of most exquisite proportion and symmetry; poet nor painter in their most inspired dreams ever imagined such round, taper lithe grace of outline; such finished perfection of form. On her sweet seraphic pale face there was a strange eloquence of beauty, that drank the life-blood from my heart. My whole being sank in worship beneath the dark melancholy loving pleading eyes. Never before had I felt the joy, fullness, glory, ecstasy, of perfect beauty; so perfect, that I unconsciously did homage to heaven, and vehemently exclaimed, 'None but the ALMIGHTY could so have endowed a creature!' Her garments seemed like woven mist, beneath which peeped out two models of beauty in the shape of feet; small, delicate, and white; the purple veins, like violets gleaming through snow, changed near the sole to a pinky tinge that deepened to a tint like a rosy shell in the pale moonlight. 'Does she not eclipse all jewels?' proudly said Trezalyun, as his dilated eye dwelt on her with all a lover's rapture; 'in two years she will be mine. I have loved and waited as many



centuries. But the night wears, and we must hasten, as we have far to travel before the dawn.'

He turned back the crystal and pointed toward a passage opposite to that by which we had entered. It was lined with transparent incrustations of all colors, in the form of branches, pinnacles and colonnades. Two delicate little beings with waving curls, and gauzy irradiant wings flew rapidly by us, each holding a jewel in her right hand. 'These,' said Trezalyun, 'we call *Pimble-peers*: you must know that the real substance of jewels is quite different from that which the scientific Earth-mades have so confidently proved them to be. You think that the most precious things on earth are entirely lost, and deem them of little value; not so, with our all-wise FATHER. Every pitying tear that steals for other's faults, every compassionate one for their sufferings, all penitential ones of contrition, are in His sight earth's brightest gifts, and humanity's dearest tribute. No; those tears were caught by angels' hands, and transmuted into everlasting jewels; when they were given in the form of diamonds, rubies, and other precious gems into the care of those messenger Fairies for transportation to Kelia's Grotto; and when discovered by human eyes, will be considered the world's richest treasure as long as man exists.'

We passed several large blocks of crystal as clear as ice, in one of which a frog was enclosed. 'Ah! ah! Mr. Frog!' said I, 'you have a splendid prison!' That is another mistake,' replied Trezalyun; 'they look to you like frogs, but they are Preädamite misers; for even in the earlier world, as now, there were lean, jaundiced, wrinkled, unquiet-eyed wretches, in whose heart and veins the blood was dry from the love of gold; starved anatomies, from whose withered frames avarice had sucked all humanity; and who, rather than part with their hard-clutched treasure, saw wife and children consume their days and nights in ceaseless toil, and descend into the grave, the pinched victims of carking cares and domestic oppression. Sorely they sinned, and severely are they punished; for in addition to their close imprisonment, conscience is constantly employed in reviewing their former crimes; the minutest consequence of which is burnt upon the memory, and tortures them with an unremitting remorse.'

'You mention the Preädamites,' cried I, eagerly, for I prided myself on the correctness of my geological knowledge; 'our most learned men have positively proved that men and monkeys have never existed until the present formation.'

'Ha! ha! ha!' shouted Trezalyun, as he ran the whole gamut of laughter; 'but the airs of these superficiais are inexpressibly diverting; and their large conclusions are really ingenious in juxtaposition to their small knowledge; considering their span of life, and the little wisdom they display in the government of their own affairs, it is truly wonderful how conversant and familiar they are with all that God and Time ever have done, and ever mean to do! When you ascend, advise them to make excavations on that part of the globe where man formerly inhabited, and it may possibly render

their opinions a trifle less positive. But now for a short time you must bid farewell to the precincts of the fair shining water, and wend your way with me far, far south, to the flowery vale of the Oronoco, where dusky maids with drooping eyes, heavy with love, search beneath a brighter moon for charmed herbs, from which to win a power that will make love constant and immortal. We have arrived where we left our steeds,' continued he, as he placed his hand against the rocky wall, which yielded as easily as when we entered; 'hasten, for I must leave you where I found you, by the dawn.'

In an instant we were seated on our fire-breathing coursers, which cut the liquid way with ten times the speed of a flying eagle. In a short time we alighted on the gay plains through which the Oronoco stretches her hundred arms to the all-embracing ocean. Gorgeous flowers, to which those of the north are pale, lay like a wide sea of flame around, scenting the warm atmosphere with a delicious yet enervating fragrance. Oh ye beautiful flowers! ye incense-breathing worshippers! with what glory ye crown the desert, and make glad the silent places; whispering to the solitary of His love and goodness who made and remembers all things! 'Such flowers never bloomed in gardens,' said I to Trezalyun. 'No,' replied he; 'but it was not their beauty alone that I brought you so far to see, although that would be worth a long journey. Look through this crystal, for eyes formed from clay are not sufficiently microscopic to see without it, into the cup of that tulip, and tell me what you discover.' 'Oh!' cried I, 'what enchantment! a number of little creatures, not larger than midges, are painting the sides with single hairs!' 'Now examine others, and tell me if you see the same.' 'All, *all* have the same tiny inhabitants, and are employed in the like manner!' 'Did I not tell you,' said Trezalyun, 'that all have their places assigned, and that all are parts of the one great whole? It is the business of those minute fairies who are called *Mimble-meers*, to tint the flowers, and array them in all their glory. But look through the crystal, and tell me what you see above.'

'I see,' said I, 'a number of delicate creatures, so transparent that they do not intercept the moonbeams; their graceful movements yield and undulate to the passing breeze like a waving exhalation, or shape formed from the mist; they carry a silvery net, which they throw over the dying flowers, and then they ascend until they are lost in the blue sky. 'Ah! they are the *Aucors*, who catch the colors from the dying flowers to paint the dawn and streak the rainbow. But we must prepare to return, for soon Dawn's rosy fingers will open to them the ruby gates of morn.' 'Let me take one more look, to print this paradise on my memory: is it not a pity that it is inhabited only by roaming savages?' exclaimed I. 'A pretty paradise, and not without its serpent,' replied Trezalyun, with one of his gay laughs; 'why, six months in the year this garden of flowers turns to dry hard-baked clay, cracked by deep dismal fissures, which are filled with gigantic snakes, saurians, and



every other dreaded reptile ; making day hideous with their horrible forms, and night awful with their appalling cries. We must rise higher into the upper current of air that flows from the south,' observed Trezalyun, 'or we shall meet the under one that runs from the north, which might occasion some disarrangement in your material organization.'

Scarcely half an hour had elapsed, when he cried, 'Halt ! for a moment : we are again in the vicinity of your own bright Horicon. Hereabout lies the fairest county of this wide State, a Switzerland in miniature, scarcely known to civilized man. Now and then the foot of the hunter may start the deer ; and once upon a time, a curious scenery-loving son of Melpomene laid aside his daintiness, and pushed through bush, brake and briar, to glad his eyes with its beauty. We call it the Fairies' Home, for here they repair and make short the summer nights with quips, quirks, and jollities: Here is a troop of the merry reveller's ; we'll take a peep at their enjoyment.'

In a picturesque dell, through which ran a clear stream, lay a green meadow, the outer side skirted with trees, above which rose craggy castellated rocks ; the inner was edged with dreary osiers, and alders, over which graceful vines twined in wild luxuriance ; from which, although it was summer, hung bunches of ripened grapes. Midway in the meadow grew a willow, every pendant branch so entirely hung with fire-fly lamps, that the whole dell was completely illuminated, around which circled groups of joyous dancers, who had formed themselves into several rings connected by wreaths of flowers. They passed, repassed, and spun round each other after the manner of waltzers ; then one party would suddenly throw their wreaths over a fay belonging to another, which if they succeeded in enmeshing, they placed in their midst, and danced round with all kinds of grotesque attitudes ; laughing, shouting, and with mocking jibes, playfully challenging them to escape ; which they were constantly on the watch to effect ; when their former partners would all close round to rescue the little prisoners, and skip off to the farther part of the meadow, where all would rompingly follow. Here each gallant selected his favorite, and after a short promenade, led her up to the vine arbor, the leaves of which, for about two feet in height, were piled with clover blossoms ; they picked the flower and sucked from them the ambrosia, in the same way as we larger ones do an orange ; after this each little fellow drew an acorn-cup from his pocket, into which he squeezed a single grape, and handed it to his fair partner, who sipped the fresh nectar with a lady-like grace. They then pressed another into the goblet, bowed with a high-bred courtier-like air, and quaffed the liquid ruby at a single draught. After this they divided into separate groups, flirting, quizzing, and sentimentalizing, until they again formed for the dance.

But my attention was attracted to a dear loving-looking little creature, who had crept into a small leafy bower, the tears streaming down her cheeks, and her blue eyes pale with weeping. 'Do

fairies grieve like that ?' said I to Trezalyun ; ' where there is joy, there must be love,' replied he, ' and where was there ever love that sorrow did not follow ? But she, fond thing, only weeps her lover's absence, who will be here on the instant.' Scarcely had we passed on, when we met her on her lover's arm, all smiles and with glistening eyes listening to his excuses, which I bent my ear to catch : ' In the form of a musquito, I did some good to-night,' whispered he. ' There was a vain, selfish, artful, painted, bedizzened girl, who had made a dupe of a noble-minded young heir, who this evening at a ball would have laid his fortune and heart at her feet ; the one, she would soon have squandered, and the other have broken within a year. She had given the last touch to her dress, and by candlelight really looked most bewitching, when I pierced with my bill the hand of her little sister, who was passing with an inkstand full of ink. Stung with sudden pain, she let it fall all over Madame's fine dress, which awakened her anger to such a pitch, that the lover, who was in waiting, received a new light through his ears, which cooled his ardor for proposing. I likewise met a base wife and mother, forsworn to each holy name, who had taken her youngest, (how could she hold it to her heart ?) and under cover of the night was stealing away like a thief in the dark, with a wretch who would have strangled her in a week ; running from home, respectability and honorable love, to poverty, infamy and violent death ! I stung sharply the sleeping innocent, whose cries awakened the father, and the child saved the mother, who now shuddered at her guilty infatuation. I likewise roused up, with great difficulty, a fat, snoring, red-faced father, whose gentle daughter was running off with a beggared gambler ; a devil in deeds and a saint in words, who had living, but unknown, a pining wife, who was then sewing by faint lamp-light, with thin transparent fingers, and the death-hollows on her cheek, for his support. ' What a dreadful place must be the world !' said the little dove-eyed fairy, as she nestled close to her lover. ' Mixed,' replied he, ' much mixed ; it has also its bright sides, where love may be found as fond, sincere and devoted as our own.'

' It will not do for us to listen much longer to the cooing of those doves,' interrupted Trezalyun ; ' for I hear other birds twittering, which is a certain sign that the morn is near ; so we will make direct for your little isle.'

In a moment we were there ; and the very instant we dismounted, our heroes vanished away. By this time the cold grey of early dawn was slowly stealing through the leaden clouds. ' Farewell !' said Trezalyun ; ' I have urgent business that calls me by day ; and so, like the New-Yorkers, I take my amusement at night ; but however well this may suit fairies, depend upon it that it will break down the health of a people, for none of us can outrage the laws of Nature, without receiving a check from the old dame, and one that will not be paid in the gold that some of them expect either.'

In the twinkling of an eye, before I could say one word, he quickly withdrew through the trees, saying, ' Remember, but follow me not !' My mind was in such an inextricable commotion, that I

had, (as a worthy friend of mine phrases it,) hardly 'organized' my ideas, when the steamer passed in the morning, and carried me once more among men and women, against whom I often carry on a wordy warfare in favor of my Little Friends.

S. M. PARTRIDGE.

*Brooklyn, New-York.*

T H E L O S T O N E .

I.

SAD is thy lot, pale guilty one !  
Sadder and darker day by day ;  
For from the deeds that thou hast done  
No tears can wash thy guilt away !

II.

Thou weepest ; but thy grief comes late,  
Too late to mend thy acts of shame,  
Nor can a purer life abate  
The deep dishonor of thy name.

III.

O hapless fate ! O bitter lot !  
What weary days of care are yours !  
Days full of tears, and hateful thought,  
And wo that to the end endures.

IV.

Yet sadder far the cruel scorn  
And scoffs of men, too sure to kill,  
Who shrink from thee as one forlorn,  
Accursed and damned, yet living still !

V.

Ah friendless ! thus to reap the cost  
Of faith wronged in thy early prime,  
To feel how much thy heart hath lost,  
How great thy guilt hath grown with crime !

VI.

And what is worse than all, to know,  
Through days of care and years of pain,  
That the vile wretch who wronged thee so  
Endures no scorn, and bears no stain !

VII.

Yet deem not, though the scorn of men  
Pursues thee to an early grave,  
That thou wilt be rejected, when  
There is but ONE whose arm can save !

VIII.

Nor mourn thou if thy purer years  
Take not thy early guilt away,  
For HE who heeds the mourner's tears  
Shall be at last thy surer stay !

H. W. ROCKWELL,

## JOHN STOPFORD.

Who, or what was, JOHN STOPFORD — honest John Stopford how many years have gone by since I last saw thee, or even thought of thee! and yet how pleasantly doth thy name sound this day in the ear of mine imagination! — who, or what, JOHN STOPFORD originally was, or may have been, in his own native country of England, I pretend not in any manner to declare.

I know indeed very little or nothing of the early history of John Stopford. A few words on the subject, or in remote relevancy thereto, and they were very few, dropped incidentally only and at long intervals from his lips; and the intelligence that even in this way was ever conveyed to my apprehension, amounted only to the fact, that in an attempt to increase an already comfortable fortune; whether inherited acquired given him, or won by horse-race or lottery, he said not; — he had first jeopardied, and then sunk the whole!

If John Stopford had told me of his having been born a gentleman, and to the inheritance of a good landed estate, I should have believed him. Or if he had spoken in detail of large commercial or financial operations that he had been engaged in and that had resulted at one period in the accumulation of a very important sum, which was subsequently lost; I should have been equally ready of faith. But he was a man of few words was John Stopford, and never desired during the course of our acquaintance to produce a sensation. 'He had been ruined by a share in the contract for the peace loan. It was the only instance on record, he quietly believed, that a peace loan had resulted in a loss to contractors; but the public had unhappily no confidence in the continuance of peace; a turn in the stocks had untowardly taken place; and that had ruined him.' The peace on which John Stopford had relied was the peace of Amiens; and when he used the word he called it, without being aware of his articulation, Eh! my Ends! in a tone of voice that used to remind one of that beautiful expression of grief, *Ay di me, Alhama!*

But any gloom beyond this momentary shade of recollection seemed never to obscure the calm self-possession and mild lustre of his temper, and even this passed from it like breath upon a Toledo blade, leaving it in an instant polished, impassive, and impenetrable as before.

Like many others of his nation, and it does them honour, John Stopford maintained, often I doubt not at much cost to himself, an impregnable breast-work about the heart; and regarded useless or unnecessary words in the light that beleaguered men regard doubtful sentinels; never to be trusted or hazarded at the City Gates. And then he had a short interjectional cough that put him always on his guard when he was going too far, under cover of which he contrived a shelter from any development.

Now how judicious was this trait of character in John Stopford,

honest John Stopford! All that a man need, and all that a man can, make out of this world is his board and lodging! And in so far as this is in question, it is incumbent upon him to speak. He need not draw largely upon the Soul's Treasury for this. It can all be paid in small change; in mere words of course, that are worn down by long currency from their original import, like the Shield and Pillars of Spain from off an Omnibus sixpence, that ghost of the sixteenth part of a Dollar!

If indeed, beside this, he be endowed with cheerful and happy thoughts, it becomes his duty, and he should know that it is so, to impart them; for cheerfulness is an ingredient of life given for distribution, without which few things great or noble are at any time to be performed, and the cheerful man dispensing thoughts of innocent joy is the most delightful benefactor in the world! The mind of the listener to such a creature of light and pleasure, draws often strength unconsciously from the discourse or the Volume, and returns to the world invigorated and refreshed for action.

But a man's *troubles* are his own proper and especial concerns and should be kept *properly* to himself. The recital of them can very rarely do good; every man has some one story of grief or of annoyance that he might better upon the whole keep undivulged; undivulged even by a look! Misfortune and disappointment should be kept quite out of the face, as well as away from the lips; not only from the surface of the features or the voice, but from that latent or less apparent seat of feeling that may escape the thoughtless, but is infinitely more contagious to the deep heart. The countenance ought never to be permitted even to say, 'I have great apparent prosperity, I acknowledge it; no one looks at my position but fancies how desirable it were to be surrounded as I am with gratifications — but this is all humbug! I keep down all expression of my uneasiness; but although I grant I enjoy much, I am at heart utterly sick of the whole machinery of this life; and it is only by great effort, and by satisfying my mind with the pleasing certainty that you are as badly off in some other way as I am in mine that I prevent myself from making on the spot an outcry that would astonish you! And I should here act at once upon this principle and lay my pen aside at this place perhaps, but that I am writing not any story of my own, but something that may chance to prove to be the story of John Stopford; the which I count the rather upon rendering agreeable to the docile reader from the strikingly advantageous and interesting fact, that I know very little of any thing in any manner or degree appertaining to John Stopford; his life, birth, parentage, connexions, education, or fortune.

When a man is thoroughly prepared with a course of mathematical demonstration to impart knowledge, there may occasionally be great advantage, but there is surely very little amusement to be derived from his society.

For example, of what use is it to be told, in conversation, that *a part is less than the whole*? What benefit, what cheerfulness is to be derived from it? unless perchance a man be at the moment diving

with his fork and spoon into an unreasonably small pâté de foie gras after a morning hunt? A gratifying, but a very improbable case; and a question not to be asked!

The dullest gentleman that I have the honour and merit of being acquainted with, is a learned and deeply-read professor, who knows every thing in the world and all that sort of thing and a great deal beside; who always stops you at the threshold of what you desire to make known or observe with an assertion that does not admit of being controverted or in any manner gainsayed by any less erudite teacher or expounder than himself. Your senses, and your remarks although made upon the spot, you find all at once to have been of no use; valueless, as a dozen of spoiled Burgundy! You must necessarily have been at the time under a delusion! And, after all, whose dog are you that you should aspire to be happy? Where did *you* ever learn to look, or practise to observe?

But for a story-teller therefore; but for a biographer consequently; and I think I may add, an historian, if he be only careful as to dates; give me a man of lively perceptions, little knowledge, less plan, and no forethought; who at the beginning of his discourse or his Volume has only a dreamy imagination of the way in which it is to end; who remembers, or collects with rapidity as he flies along, the salient characteristic and the portraiture of his subject until it rises from the mirror of his recollection into the glowing freshness and vividness of life: and this he presents before you.

Demonstration, says some profound author, is the foundation of Knowledge; but probability is the basis of Faith; and it is with thy Faith, and partly with thine Imagination my most valued reader, that I purpose at this time to hold some intercourse and entertainment.

John Stopford then measured five feet three inches and an half without any aid to his height from the heels of his shoes, which were uniformly of black Buck-Skin, or black cloth. He had used to wear Suwarrows; a long black-leathern, highly-polished boot of those days, that were named after a Russian hero at that time in great vogue — I wonder if any body now lives who remembers to have heard of him — and were cut in outline upon the topmost border, on each side, in form of the back of an heraldick dolphin; while a tassel dangled jantilly in front, at the point where the noses of these two marine exquisites should properly have joined.

But the boots had gone; and, worse than that, the legs they used to cover! and John had by degrees, though I believe very reluctantly, brought himself to the indulgence of the cloth shoe and the loose pantaloons. He often winced I observed, though he said nothing, about the feet; and Geoffrey Crayon told me that he had more than once noticed him in Broadway picking out for his feet the soft stones to solace his soles upon as he wended his way along the pavement and thought no one observing him. But Geoffrey, God 'love' him! as Coleridge says, was ever a wag of most exquisite fancy; and could trace mirth through a marsh mist!

Black cloth pantaloons then, black cloth waistcoat, black coat, and black hat: rusty, John! seedy, all four! far worse for the wear, and



far worse again for thine incessant habit of brushing, under the constant apprehension of injury or degradation from some imagined fibre of lint, or particle of dust : but nice — as was thine apprehension, and contrasting upon the whole favorably with the large and always white and spotless cambrick cravat, which, with its multitudinous foldings and the monstrous padding it contained, gave a dimension to thy neck that it required all thy shoulders to sustain and carry off with grace.

And now for the face that overlooked this bolster of the throat. A low forehead, crowned and decorated with a few scanty locks of hair, that in spite of all tried and abandoned artificial dyes, was now no longer grey, but white. Small gooseberry eyes of little meaning except on great occasions. Two cheeks, that although thy natural complexion was fine and transparent wore now a puddled and bewildered hue, in which parchment here and there predominated and mottled the attempts of the ruby to establish a permanent sway. And, between these two eyes and these two cheeks, came down thy nose. John ! I am an historian : it was a bottle nose ! Yes, I confess the nose ! I must confess thy bottle nose, I tell thee ! I cannot pretend to defend thy nose !

But I think it may well enough defend itself. How it rose from the deep declension of thy forehead, like the Nile from the foot of the mountains of Abyssinia ! and with what exactness of a bright January morning when thou wert warming thyself after having been cold and gusty, was that noble river to be traced in all its sinuosities along this extensive region of thy face, until one arrived at length at the Delta of thy termination ; where all the arteries and veins and multitudinous branches and minute and fibrous divisions of that renowned and prolifick conduit might have found each its miniature resemblance and counterfeit. I never wanted any other map of Egypt during Bonaparte's expedition ; which happened alas ! in those far gone days. Here in our downward course we reached Cairo ; then came the grand division of the mighty stream ; there stretched the canal of Alexandria, and here was fair Rosetta and the Bay and Battle of Aboukir ! Thy nose John grew purple in that spot, to designate the sanguinary glory of the day !

Make fun of thee ? I make no fun of thee, for never shall I once forget the sweetness and the refinement of the mouth that lay beneath that Delta — pshaw ! I'll never again call it a Delta, nor ever more if it displease thee imagine a Greek Letter in thy presence ! Thy nose was the nose of a sensualist ; but for thy mouth John, thy mouth, it was the mouth of a Gentleman ! and ' a Gentleman ! I will be sworn thou' wert !

I have said that he was chary of every word that bore reference to his position before emigrating from the country of his birth. He was equally so as to the state of his affairs, or the place of his abode, in this. There did not appear to be any reserve that distinguished his manner, but the occasion did not call for any conversation on the subject. He did not permit it to do so.

I had very frequent, and for a long time daily intercourse with

him, and gave him occasional employment as Broker and Agent during several successive years; and yet I never was informed of his address, nor knew the house or street in which he resided during the whole period of our acquaintance.

If I wanted him, I asked if Mr. Stopford had called to-day? and the answer usually was, that Mr. Stopford was waiting to see me: or that he had called to say he should be at the counting house at two o'clock. He had no office of his own, nor place of reference to which I could send; but he never failed to keep to the engagement he had made; and he made no other engagement whatever with me than that of Time.

Once or twice indeed, although I hardly knew why, I had suspected that his purse was very low; and had as often intimated to him, distantly, and with a courteous reference to his feelings, that any reasonable sum beyond the amount due him for his services was always at his disposal in advance. But he never availed himself of the overture, nor permitted it to be understood between us that it had been made. And although in the comity and frater-feeling that exists, I would fain hope mutually, betwixt my reader and myself, but certainly on my side dear listener toward thee, I may indulge my pen with the momentary freedom of calling him John Stopford; I trust thy kind heart to understand that I never addressed himself without some title to indicate the respect I entertained for his character, his manners, and his far superior years.

So also in the hilarious mention which I have ventured to make, of the rustiness of his garb, thou wilt of necessity have resolved it in thy heart — wilt thou not? — that this peculiarity of dress was a feature not by any perception of mine noticed at the time, but now remembered in the strong desire to convey his truthful image into the happiness of thy presence.

And then as for his nose — his geographical, his River-of-Nile nose — being as I am to a certain degree upon conscience, I could not of course speak of it as if I were describing the faultless projection that forms the charm of countenance in the mistress of thine heart; with its ivory surface half polished by the surpassing fineness of texture in her complexion; marked in precious outline that the eye follows with a delicate joy, down to the pink lining that borrows its hue from the roseate odour that strays and gambols over the beautiful interior — all fresh and pure as the breath that was first converted into life! The graceful indicator of sensation, and of taste; the unconscious witness, the silent and beautiful Herald to thee of her readiness to venture so far into the community of life, as upon certain conditions to share in its enjoyments and its exigences with thee, and decorate thine existence by the refinement of her own.

No — the nose of John Stopford, like many other still more prominent facts that are now alike converted into History by the distancing power of Time, was certainly not attractive when too closely examined. What of that? The Stars of Heaven that occupy our boyish hearts and yield us images of Love, so that we say 'she is

a Star,' and then our heart is satisfied and rests in momentary calmness — these very stars my Reader, are clods of dull earth like this we trample on, and owe their beauty often to the light they borrow and the point in infinite space at which they are regarded. So let it I intreat thee be with the far-away-gone nose of John Stopford, now first discerned by thee through the long and purifying vista of past years.

I am the more desirous to be well understood in this part of my Essay, because of the grave and uncompromising nature and importance of the subject in all its social and political relations; and of the irresistible pledge which every wearer of this ornament may be considered as having given to the community in which he flourishes.

'Let us count noses!' how expressive and pregnant with thought, and how irresistible, how final the appeal, whether a dinner-party or a vote in the Senate of the United States on the Oregon Question be the matter in discussion! How satisfactory, if favorable, the result! Have but the nose, and how morally, intellectually, and demonstrably sure, art thou not, of thy man? and shall I, may I not without presumption, also add, of thy more than man? — of thy — in short — shall I say it? — would it be permitted? — of thy WOMAN?

John was a Philosopher, John was! I think I have already shewn that he exhibited some trace of this character in reference to his own affairs, keeping his grievances (except the few words on the peace-loan) altogether to himself, and even 'hiding that he had a secret to hide,' without one word of remonstrance against his fortune or his lot in life. He was equally exemplary in sustaining with composure the trials of other people, however improbable this may seem to some minds; and in adapting his consolation to the character of the person he addressed. I remember his language to the store-porter when in distress which was given in a strain altogether different from his usual manner, and which I suppose he would not on any terms have had overheard by any person of superior condition:

'Come, never mind,' said he; 'do as I do; try to feel as if you were at a bad play and say to yourself, 'I wonder now how long this thing is likely to last!' — cheer up! a shilling a day is better than hope! Don't be seen in that state, people will say you have got licked! Keep a good heart! You have lost your wife; some folks have lost two! In Portugal I knew a man had buried seven! try to say two-and-six-pence as often as you can, quietly to yourself; you will find great comfort in that, it is a prodigious relief to the mind! It won't do for such a good-looking, clean-timbered young fellow as you are to take such a matter to heart. Think of this now will you, and see how much better you will feel in the morning; good night!'

My admirable Reader! truly admirable if I have not tired thee beyond the bounds of human patience; having thus circumstantially narrated to thee the story of JOHN STOPFORD, wilt thou ever again pardon me if I tell thee John Stopford's story?

‘The Port Company, Sir — of Port-o-Port — it was thus that John Stopford always called Oporto; and then came his cough, as if he owned the whole port, and as if he were afflicted with an asthma of wealth — The Port Company of Port-o-Port Sir — having ascertained the uncommon predilection of the late Mr. Pitt for the wines of that country — and having, in common with all civilized mankind, the utmost respect and veneration for the distinguished talents of the late Mr. Pitt — cough dear Reader as often as thou seest a pause — determined upon gratifying his taste, and their respect, by preparing for him two such hogsheads of Port Wine as had never before been pressed from the grape — for the indulgence of the human palate. — I do not myself, Sir, particularly affect Port Wine even as that beverage is known at the English tables — in *this* country, Sir, it is chiefly used as a medicine, and the Physicians might quite as well prescribe alder-berry juice, which is indeed the grand component of the liquor that is chiefly introduced into the United States of America under the denomination of Port Wine — but Sir — there is to be found — among the vintages of the Upper Douro — a Wine Sir — that under a certain preparation of grapes gathered on the sunny slopes and passages of those beautiful hills — the base of which is watered by the clearest brooks — and on the summits of which the clouds rest only until the first appearance of the morning sun makes them almost fly and bound away for refuge — there is *there* grown a wine Sir — that truly — according to the words of Scripture, ‘maketh glad the heart of man!’

‘Well Sir — it soon came, as you may suppose — to be noised throughout the province, that these two hogsheads of Port Wine were to be prepared under order of the Port Company of Port-o-Port for the cellar of the Right Honourable Mr. Pitt — the vineyards were watched — every man looked at the ripening clusters of his vines, to imagine if any grapes could be finer than his own — every proprietor was desirous to contribute the choicest possible fruit — for England Sir is the oldest ally of Portugal, and I need not tell you any thing in praise of Mr. Pitt, or of his celebrity throughout Europe, although Sir — there was no such thing as permanent peace to be thought of in his day — and the Port Company of Port-o-Port — had caused it to be distinctly understood, that no one grape, except a head grape, the perfection of a bunch — should be permitted to enter the Hopper to be pressed for these two hogsheads of wine.

The pressing Sir — and the fermentation — took place under the happiest auspices — the racking off was attended to repeatedly with the utmost vigilance; the casks as you may suppose were of the finest staves; and the outer casings thoroughly secured. Then came the most cautious removal, the shipment, a fortunate passage and a safe arrival at St. Katharine’s Dock. From thence Sir to Downing Street, where he was then residing with Lady Hester Stanhope, now so famous, into the safe keeping of the Premier’s Butler. The bottling took place with uncommon care and with entire exclusion of the light — and after due time it became in per-

fect order for the glass! of course it was an object of the highest curiosity to persons in any manner connected with the trade with Portugal. I once had the honour Sir — at Mr. Pitt's own table — (a series of coughs —) to be acquainted with a Gentleman who had drank of that wine — at Mr. Pitt's own table!

Honest JOHN STOPFORD! I have always believed it to have been thyself who partook of that wine at Mr. Pitt's own Table; but now, go forth this dark dark night in thy black cloth shoes, thy rusty black dress, and white cravat, thine ivory-headed cane and wash-leather gloves, pick out the soft stones upon the way, and with a magic lantern in thine hand, and thy nose in profile, appear upon the wall in the chamber of my Reader, and answer frankly to the questions he may be disposed to propound to thee. I asked thee none.

JOHN WATERS.

# THE REFORMER'S VISION.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

HALF the world is hushed in slumber,  
Night has reached her solemn noon,  
And the dark and foggy meadows  
Wait the coming of the moon;  
Winds are sighing in the savins  
With a deep and mournful sound,  
And the golden stars of Heaven  
Drop their dewy tears around.

Now the sleepless tide is lying  
Calmly in the deep lagoon;  
It is waiting for its hour —  
For the coming of the moon.  
Rooks are flying hither, thither,  
Sending forth ill-boding cries,  
While the owl is gazing eastward  
With his large and lustrous eyes.

Nightingales are silent, thinking  
Which of all their melodies  
Were the sweetest one to welcome,  
When she looketh o'er the seas.  
They are all with patience waiting  
For the night to wear away,  
For the mingling of the darkness  
With the moon's enchanting ray.

And like them I too will linger  
On my watch-tower by the sea,  
Waiting in the solemn midnight,  
Waiting lone and patiently;  
Till the murmur of the waters  
On the low and pebbly shore,  
Till the coming of the moonbeams  
Through the world's broad eastern door.

For my thoughts press thick and heavy,  
And I fain would be alone;  
Would commune awhile with Nature,  
Till this heaviness hath flown;  
Here I would in fancy wander  
Through the battle-field of life,  
Mark the human hearts contending  
In the world's unequal strife.

Would gaze downward to the centre  
Whence the streams of healing roll,  
And drink deeply from its fountain  
Med'cines for the fainting soul.  
Men are struggling with the darkness,  
Tangled in the mists of night;  
Waiting like the scenes around me  
For the coming on of light.

Yet 't is burning bright above them,  
And they will not see its ray;  
Bowed to earth, they still are plodding  
In the beaten erring way.  
Bowed to earth, why do they see not  
The broad sun's resplendent beams,  
Tokened by a thousand emblems,  
Mirrored in a thousand streams?

Vain are many burning sunlights,  
Angels voices speak in vain,  
If the soul's eye be not opened,  
If its ear mark not the strain;  
Like the flock without a shepherd  
Turn they from the pleasant fold,  
Bartering Nature's priceless birthright  
For a penny-worth of gold.

Gone the strength and the endeavor,  
 Gone the reason, lowly prized ;  
 Vainly beats the heart of Nature  
 When her limbs are paralyzed ;  
 Need is there of a physician  
 To bind up the broken age,  
 To relieve the weary spirit,  
 Weary of its pilgrimage.

Then the TRUE REFORMER cometh,  
 Armed with love and holy zeal,  
 With a soul as broad and beauteous  
 As the truths it doth reveal.  
 Born perchance in some low cottage,  
 Named not on the princely roll,  
 Yet with higher arms emblazoned —  
 The Nobility of Soul !

Cometh like some ancient prophet,  
 With a mission to fulfil ;  
 To renew the broken charter  
 Granted on the Holy Hill ;  
 Nor on gold or marble tablets  
 Marking with the graver's pen,  
 But with love's sweet Iris-pencil  
 On the selfish hearts of men.

Comes to waken life's true spirit,  
 Whose broad wings have long been  
 To unfold the Sphynx-enigma, [furl'd,  
 Solve the problem of the world ;  
 Comes the great soul meek and lowly,  
 With a bosom filled with ruth,  
 Mounts the world's observatory,  
 Takes the telescope of Truth.

Gazes long and gazes deeply  
 On the fold of human hearts ;  
 Sees the herd of spirits standing  
 Idle in the crowded marts ;  
 Draws the world as with a magnet  
 To the power of his high thought,  
 As from some high hill man's vision  
 Sees the landscape 'neath him wrought.

And he reads its sad condition  
 With a deep prophetic eye ;  
 But his heart is nothing daunted —  
 He will yet strive manfully  
 To consume the golden idols  
 Molten in some heathen name,  
 Bid Religion's fane rise upward  
 Like a phoenix from the flame.

Then he mingles with the people,  
 Gathered in fanatic strife,  
 And unfolds them holy lessons  
 In the market-place of life ;  
 Lessons not of distant ages,  
 Improvised with cunning art,  
 But from volumes of the present,  
 Written on the grateful heart.

And he rends the gaudy garments  
 Wrought with tinsel's uncouth,  
 Which enfold Religion's tempter,  
 And conceal her simple truth ;  
 Strives to raise the sacred altar,  
 Shunned and hastening to decay,  
 For men think to build them Babels,  
 And escape another way.

But his toil is long and lonely,  
 Wronged, yet seeking no redress,  
 He stands alone like JOHN the Baptist  
 Praying in the wilderness ;  
 Now they scorn him at the altar,  
 Smite upon his tearful cheek,  
 Doubting if a heaven-sent prophet  
 Could so humble be and meek.

Wag their tongues in bitter mocking,  
 Murmur like the angry seas ;  
 ' Art thou wiser than our fathers ?  
 Words *they* would not teach like these.  
 But he turns him from their mocking,  
 And forgives their ribaldry ;  
 For he thinks of HIM who sorrowed  
 Lowly in Gethsemane.

Unsubdued, all day he toileth,  
 Bowed by none of human fears,  
 But at night, alone, in secret,  
 From his eyes drop bloody tears :  
 Thus he lives and thus he labors,  
 Struggling with life's ocean wave ;  
 And for him there is no slumber,  
 Till he reach the silent grave.

Like the old and stricken year, he  
 Goeth down the vale of Time ;  
 And the winds of Life's sad winter  
 Ring his sad funereal chime ;  
 Lowly on the bier he lieth,  
 Borne along the crowded street,  
 And men gaze on him with wonder  
 That his slumber is so sweet.

Then they think how calm and meekly  
 Sorrow's heavy load he bore ;  
 Then they do no more revile him,  
 For his great heart beats no more ;  
 And from pity love is kindled,  
 Love unknown, unfelt till now,  
 For they cannot mingle hatred  
 With the death-dew on his brow.

And the words he taught while living  
 Seem more holy and sublime ;  
 Up they rise like dreams commissioned  
 From some higher, holier clime ;  
 Or like strains of earnest music  
 Heard a little while ago,  
 Growing softer in the distance,  
 Sweeter, as the moments grow.



And the school-boy in his ramble  
Turns from that lone grave aside,  
Fearing to disturb the Master  
Whom in life the world denied ;  
O'er his head they build vast temples,  
Telling to the passer-by  
Where the ashes of the prophet  
In their silent slumber lie.

But the waves begin to whisper,  
Murmuring in the deep lagoon,  
And the eastern gates are opened  
For the coming of the moon !  
Like an ocean-queen she cometh  
From the chambers of the deep,  
And the little waves throng round her,  
Lifting up their heads from sleep.

Like a nation's shout of gladness,  
When its sovereign draweth nigh,  
Sound those lifting waves their welcomes,  
Welcomes poured exultingly ;  
From afar I hear their murmur,  
Borne in whispers toward the land,  
Growing deeper, deeper dashing  
In full chorus on the strand.

Rising like some ancient prophet  
O'er the dark and troubled world ;  
Fed from light's great fountain burning,  
When the day's bright wings are furl'd ;  
Moon ! thou tighest well my vision—  
Faithful image of the sun !  
Truth shall still in nature linger  
When its source is seen by none.

Clouds are gathered dark and heavy  
In the far-off Orient,  
Black'ning with their giant shadows  
All the starry firmament.  
O ! I see thee stretching upward,  
Through the midnight, calm and bold,  
Like some old imperial city  
Built in the days of old.

Ruined minsters, broken arches,  
Cast their black and sullen shade,  
And the eye is weary toiling  
Down the deep'ning colonnade ;  
Through the stained cathedral windows  
Lamps are streaming clear and bright,  
And I hear the deep bells calling  
To the spirits of the night.

And I see those lamps grow brighter,  
Burning with a purer fire ;  
See the robed priest in the chancel,  
Hear the music of the choir ;  
Solemn music, deep and awful,  
More than art can understand,  
Like the thunders of Mount Sinai,  
Like the writing on the sand.

There I see them thronged together,  
All those works I longed to see ;  
All my childhood's study gathered  
From the page of history ;  
Stands the mighty Coliseum,  
Limned in many a poet's rhyme,  
And the Pyramids of Egypt,  
Older than recorded time.

Structures of the middle ages,  
Notre-Dame, Cologne, Milan,  
Which like little children cluster  
Round their mother, Vatican.  
Giant-like, another figure,  
Rises in that world of art,  
Virgin of celestial beauty,  
Bearing yet a lion's heart.

'T is the Sphinx of ancient fable,  
Sphinx which moderns realize,  
Gazing sorrowfully upward  
With her deep and earnest eyes ;  
And amid those olden structures  
Climbs the moon with steady pace,  
Burning brightly on the altar,  
Sadly o'er the charnel-place.

Lingering in its silent passage,  
'Neath the deep and broken arch,  
Struggling with some mighty column,  
For they fain would stay its march ;  
Comes a siroc from the desert  
Breathing murk and poisoned air,  
And its noisome mists are thronging  
Round her pathway every where.

But she comes still bravely upward !  
Fears not, from no danger shrinks ;  
Struggles with the giant monster,  
With the lion of the Sphinx.  
Fought the battle—she has won it !  
Falls the vanquished heavily ;  
Won it, for she saw the virgin  
O'er her gazing earnestly.

Upward like some great evangel  
Drawn by chains of golden links,  
Brighter for her toiling, mounts she  
From her struggle with the Sphinx ;  
And those temples old have vanished,  
From their deep foundations hurled ;  
Answered is the great enigma—  
Solved the riddle of the world !

Comes a flood of silver moonlight  
Over meadow, hill and vale,  
Like the opening of Heaven,  
To repeat its glorious tale ;  
To the rooted rock she calleth,  
And it echoes back her call,  
Speaking with the voice of nature  
From her truth-embazoned hall.

Plain and mountain, hill and valley,  
 Chant their strains of sweet accord,  
 Like the midnight mass of millions  
 Lifting up their heart to God:  
 From her dream of silent slumber  
 Wakes the nightingale her song,  
 And the waters swell their chorus  
 As the tide-wave sweeps along.

Now I 'll hasten to my slumber,  
 For my soul its task has done,  
 Lest morn find me here a watcher,  
 When the hour of sleep is gone.  
 I have learned a solemn lesson  
 From the dark clouds and the moon,  
 From th' murmur of the waters,  
 Sailing up the broad lagoon.

*Cambridge, (Mass.)*

Bitter foes will arm against thee,  
 Thousand hands take up the spear;  
 But thy truth shall burn far brighter  
 When, subdued, they disappear.  
 In the silent, lone hour watching,  
 Came this writing on the sky;  
 Thus I read the magic riddle,  
 Claiming not to prophecy.

And my soul new strength has gathered  
 From this midnight calm and still,  
 Pondering on the grand old fable  
 Of the life-tree, Igrasil;\*  
 Rooted in the realms of Hela,  
 Deep among the silent dead;  
 Shooting far into high Heaven,  
 From the sacred fountains fed.

## THE EXECUTIONER.

A NARRATIVE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY IN ENGLAND.

IN TWO PARTS: PART SECOND.

CONFOUNDED by the events which I have described, and altogether unable to divine by what strange coincidence I had been made an actor in a scene, which, if not prepared for me, had been at least most skilfully adapted to my presence and purposes, I felt nevertheless too much piqued in interest and curiosity to refuse obedience to my mysterious monitress. The impression which I had received was too profound to leave room for a suspicion of treachery. I followed, therefore, as well as the darkness would permit, the instructions given me, and having regained the passage, found, as I had supposed, that it terminated on the river. There a boat was moored with two oarsmen apparently waiting my arrival. Accident, it may be, had given their employer a more suitable agent than had been anticipated; but whatever the service, I now felt no disposition to decline it. Accordingly I stepped without a word upon the boat, when its fastenings were immediately flung loose, and we were soon afloat upon the Thames.

Our course was upward; past the gloomy portals of the Tower, where Strafford had so lately expiated the duplicity of his master; past Whitehall where that master was so soon to atone the errors of a questionable life. Still we held on until London was left far behind, and yet I had formed no conjecture of our destination. At length as the day began to dawn, the boat neared the left bank of the river, and was finally stranded at a point which I knew to be

\* Vide Norse Mythology.

not far distant from Hampton Court, where the king was then in custody. A person who appeared to have been waiting our approach on the beach, now advanced, and after scrutinizing me with much interest, motioned me to follow and led the way to a small hut near the river-side.

We sat down opposite one another, and the cloak, in which my companion had till now been closely enveloped, being thrown back, I at once recognised in him an aged man whom I had often seen in attendance upon the court; one who, in his capacity of astrologer, was supposed to have acquired no little influence over the mind of the king. Something there was in his person and manner which seemed well calculated to secure this ascendancy; and I recollected that on his sudden and mysterious appearance in the royal circle, not many years before, occasion had been given to conjectures with regard to his objects and origin which had never been well satisfied. He had succeeded equally in evading inquiry and in establishing the influence of which I have spoken.

For a while the old man sat with downcast eyes, muttering to himself, as it seemed, in the unintelligible jargon of his science. But I felt it necessary to demand an explanation of the purposes to which an interview, unsought by myself, was intended to be made subservient.

For answer the astrologer drew forth a sealed packet, and placed it before me. I saw at once that the seal and superscription were the king's. 'Whether choice or chance,' he said, 'have determined you to this enterprise, let this be a pledge between us, a guarantee of mutual sincerity and devotion to a common cause. Ask not now from what motives I act. A destiny which has bound us to the same melancholy task exacts of me this seeming sacrifice of principle. You will give these papers as soon as practicable into the hands of the Lord General.'

The packet in effect consisted of despatches to the Queen (who was then abroad) with which the astrologer had been entrusted to forward them secretly to their destination. They contained those rash confidences which furnished the last proof of the King's insincerity, and were more than any other thing calculated to give a decisive and fatal turn to the crisis of his fortunes. In these letters he had freely discussed the grounds of his illusory hopes. He had even gone so far as to avow the mental reservations which he allowed himself in his negotiations with the parliament, and to denounce the vengeance which he eventually meditated against Cromwell and other popular leaders. The effect of such disclosures on his own fate, it was easy to foresee. All this my companion explained to me in terms of such cool and calculating perfidy, as to satisfy me that the hapless monarch had committed his confidence to one who, whatever his motives, wanted neither the will nor sagacity to contrive and consummate his ruin.

'You will return hither,' he whispered, as I again set foot upon the boat; 'there will remain much to do which can be trusted only to one who is resolute, sagacious and unforgetful.'

The fatal despatch had wrought its effect. From the moment of receiving it, Cromwell had cast away every consideration of pity or policy which had thus far embarrassed him. He sought only for means to crush at once and forever the hopes and intrigues of the royalists. He might justly indeed feel released from all obligation to observe faith with a party, which, even while negotiating the terms of compromise, stood pledged to the extreme exercise of the regal prerogative both in church and state. It was the misfortune of the king to be surrounded by advisers who consulted only their own interests; it was his weakness to believe himself exempted by his position from the common obligations of truth and justice.

When I next sought the neighborhood of Hampton Court, it was for the purpose of concerting with the astrologer the means of inducing the king to venture on that memorable flight, which had been secretly planned by Cromwell, in order to exhibit the fugitive as incapable of reposing any real confidence in the popular party, and ready to break off his negotiations with the parliament as soon as the slightest chance of escape presented itself. Goaded to despair by constant intimations of treachery and assassination, knowing neither in whom to trust nor whither to betake himself, the wretched monarch fled at last with a single attendant. It was then my office to follow him, and by unremitting vigilance to guard against the possibility of his ultimate escape.

The flight, it is known, terminated at Carisbrooke Castle in the Isle of Wight. The fugitive had now furnished his enemies, as they charged, with the proof of faithlessness, and a pretext for investing him with closer restraints. Events thenceforth rapidly matured his ruin. The public mind, as if under the pressure of an evident necessity, settled down sternly but quietly into an expectation of the fatal dénouement. Men no longer spoke of any thing but judgment and death.

The process of trial and execution, with the dignified constancy of the king, who seemed to regain all his majesty to meet the fatal event, are matters of too familiar history to need recital. Yet even then, reconciled as they were to the result, men wondered by what hand, desperate and daring enough for such a deed, the head of an anointed king was destined to fall. That secret was known but to one or two ministers in the dreary tragedy, and even the gloomy spirit of Cromwell seemed pleased that at least the blood of an English monarch (to whose rank he felt himself already closely affined) was not to be polluted by the hands of a common hangman.

Beneath the disguise which concealed my features while I waited on the scaffold, none could guess the feelings of despair and guilt, mingled with remorseless determination, by which I was even then tormented. I felt that with but few and unworthy exceptions, the eyes of all were turned upon me with unmistakeable detestation. Yes, standing there, as I did, by their own decree, the guiltiest or meanest individual of the crowd would have turned from me with loathing and contempt. But my purpose did not once falter. I kept my eyes riveted on a small portrait of Ianthé, which I wore sus-

pended from my neck. And when the solemn preparations were completed, and the king bowed his head upon the block, I stooped down as if to adjust some portion of his dress, but in reality to place before his eyes this image of his victim, and to whisper in his ear my name and my wrongs. A shudder and stifled groan were the only reply. The next moment the severed head rolled upon the scaffold.

The deed was done; my task was finished; henceforth there was neither hope nor purpose for me in this world. Thousands upon thousands stood around, and the universal and involuntary recoil from the hideous spectacle told that they were yet men. But for *me* the last tie of sympathy with my kind was forever sundered. With a fixed and stony gaze I looked abroad upon the vast multitude, hardly conscious of their existence. But at length, two figures before unobserved, though they stood directly in front, seemed to rise out of the crowd, and gradually attracted and fixed my whole attention. These were the astrologer and the sorceress. Side by side they stood, manifestly no unconcerned spectators of the tragedy that had just been enacted. Yet how different their interest! The pale features of the woman bore an aspect of ineffable horror and dismay, but on those of the astrologer there was stamped an expression of such fiendish and triumphant malignity that, hardened as I was, I could scarcely meet his gaze without shrinking from an atrocity which seemed no longer human.

ONE visit, one vigil, at the grave of my child, and I fled as I then supposed forever from England. To me it was of no moment to what party or sect my regicide hand had opened the way to ascendancy. Not even the Restoration could make me more effectually an exile than the bitterness of my own spirit, which abjured all thought of communion with my kind, and most of all with those who had assisted in the events which had made me what I was and am.

Not that misanthropy had obliterated all traces of human feeling from my heart. To distress, wherever it has crossed my path, I have in all my wanderings lent succor or paid the tribute of sympathy. In the desert I have brought relief to him who was ready to perish, and have shared my crust with the leper thrust forth by cruelty and intolerance from the gates of the populous city. In this I but obeyed the instinct of misery, which, when society has loosened all its ties upon us, often draws us more closely toward our suffering fellow-man. One incident only of all this weary pilgrimage has interest in connection with my present narrative.

It was after some years of this aimless wandering that I entered one evening a large city in the south of Spain. I designed only to provide myself with the necessary means of sustenance, for I now no longer sought shelter voluntarily under the roofs of men, and in this instance had marked out a grotto in a neighboring mountain, (apparently a deserted cell or hermitage,) as the place of temporary sojourn. While seeking what I needed I became sensible of an almost entire desertion of the streets; a few stragglers only seemed

to be hurrying as to some centre of common interest. Listlessness more than curiosity led my steps in the same direction, and I came at length upon a wide and open space, where the population of the city, in a tumultuous mass, was rapidly assembling.

On another occasion I might have turned away, for my soul had sickened of the excitements which most usually bring such throngs together; but from the exclamations of those around I gathered that some unfortunate female was on the point of expiating by fire the imputation of sorcery, and certain incidents of my own life recurred with an interest which drew me on to the centre of the crowd. The last act of my life in London, as soon as I had stripped myself of the garb of the executioner, had been to seek the haunts of the woman who through the medium of her spells had borne so strange a part in my career. I could not resist the impression that she held some secret in her hands nearly touching my destiny. The emotion which I had felt on first seeing her, and the peculiar interest which she had manifested at the king's death coöperated in fixing this impression on my mind. But the building in which she had exercised her art I had found levelled with the ground, probably in some popular tumult, and no trace of either herself or the astrologer had since crossed my path. Gradually their images had faded from my mind. Under what fearful circumstances were they destined to be revived!

In the centre of a circle, from which guards kept back with difficulty the struggling crowd, stood the wretched woman, (whom I instantly recognized,) bound to a stake and surrounded by the materials of torture and death. She alone seemed calm and self-possessed, her eyes averted from earth, her hands clasping a small crucifix firmly pressed against her bosom. The extraordinary beauty of her features, at all times so remarkable, seemed even heightened by the circumstances of horror with which she was environed. Already the torch had been applied; the populace gave vent to their bigotry in shouts of savage exultation. Powerless to interfere, I turned with indignation and disgust from the horrid spectacle; but before I could extricate myself from the crowd, a cry of agony, and the words, 'My daughter! my daughter!' in tones which no human heart could ever forget, drew my eyes in another direction. There an aged man with outstretched arms and straining eyes was vainly striving to force his way to the scene of that pitiless and execrable butchery.

The next moment I saw that this wretched being was thrown down and trampled under foot. Happier indeed, as I afterward felt, if he had thus perished. But the impulse which urged me to his rescue and endued me with strength to effect it was one not more of compassion toward him than of indignation at the heartless outrages to which I had been a witness. I tore him still insensible from the midst of the press, and with difficulty conveyed him to the only place of refuge in my power: the grotto which I had designed for my own solitary retreat.

It was the astrologer, my former ally, whose life I had thus been



instrumental in preserving for a few miserable hours. By the light of those fires in which his child was cruelly perishing I had distinguished his features, and as I bent over him could scarcely refrain from reproaching myself for having reserved him for those tortures of which my own heart had had such bitter experience. But what followed showed that this encounter, so unexpected and apparently accidental, was indispensable to explain the incidents of my own unhappy career, as well as to illustrate the fatality by which crime often propagates its bitter fruits from period to period. Who can tell, alas! when the wrong which he heedlessly commits shall have spent its force? Who can say to his own evil act, 'Thus far shall thy consequences reach and no farther, and here shalt thou lay down thy power to corrupt and afflict mankind?'

With the returning consciousness of my companion came, as I could perceive, a recognition of my own person. He seemed, however, to regard me with a degree of pain for which I could not account; and once, in particular, the portrait of Ianthé having fallen from my bosom before his eyes, as I leant over him in the discharge of some necessary service, he turned from the sight with a groan, as from the infliction of a keen and unexpected agony.

But he at least was not doomed to length of suffering. The injuries which his body had sustained were unheeded, perhaps unfelt; but grief and remorse were busy at his heart, and nature, in so broken a frame, could not long sustain the conflict. Before his spirit departed, however, I had listened—in the still watches of the night, beneath the shadows of that solitary cave—to the following details of a life strangely complicated with my own in its misfortunes and its guilt.

'You have been the instrument,' he said, 'of protracting my wretched existence, and are destined to be the repository of its secrets; you whom I have so deeply injured, so fatally misled. Yet listen patiently to an avowal, which can be no atonement, but which will at least divert into another and a juster channel the feelings of indignation and resentment by which your heart has been so long tortured.

'I am a native of the East, and she whose relation to me you have already conjectured, first saw light in that fair and far-famed vale which stretches northward from Mount Hermon toward Damascus.

'The spirit of traffic drew me from my native land. In ministering to the luxury and still more to the superstitious weaknesses of the Western Franks, I found the speediest road to unostentatious but solid wealth. The mother of Adileh having died at an early period, she, my only child, became the companion of my wanderings. Fool that I was, to withdraw her from the jealous and holy seclusion in which the East enshrines its daughters, and trust her to that false and braggart honor of the West, which flatters woman with a vain idolatry only the more effectually to deceive and debase her!

'Our usual residence was in the capital of Spain, where Adileh

dwelt in modest retirement, and I myself contrived to find security as well by the concealment as the judicious use of my acquisitions. It happened that we were returning thither on one occasion from Paris, Adileh, myself and two or three attendants, journeying in the simple and unpretending fashion which circumstances rendered expedient, when we were overtaken on the road by a small party of cavaliers, better mounted, but not apparently of higher pretensions than ourselves. My daughter drew aside to allow them to pass, and I, pressing beside her, sought to protect her from the contact and if possible from the notice of the party, whose free and confident mood was equally attested by their air and language; yet one of them in passing came so near as to disarrange some portion of her dress, and then as if with a purpose of apology, lifted her veil for a moment, so as to display to his companions a face which you will admit to have been beautiful and attractive in no ordinary degree to the last. 'This incident,' said the dying man, interrupting his narrative, 'will no doubt recall the time and the event to your memory.'

He paused as if to give me space for recollection; but it was unnecessary. I replied merely by a mute gesture of assent to the look of quiet reproach with which he seemed to regard me.

'It was yourself,' he resumed, 'who by this act of boyish indiscretion first exposed the features of Adileh to the eye of one who never hesitated in any enterprise to which self-gratification impelled him. Thoughtless but trivial act! to how long a train of disasters has it led us both! I should have resented the affront on the spot, but that a cavalier, young in years but of grave and dignified demeanor—one too to whom you seemed to yield implicit deference, though distinguished in nothing externally from the rest of the troop—advanced at the moment, and with a sharp reproof to yourself, deprecated my anger toward what he termed an act of meaningless levity. He even pressed upon me what I would willingly have declined, the protection of his party to the next town, for we were now passing the wild and dangerous frontier of the two kingdoms. As we rode onward I ascertained that the strangers were Englishmen, and he to whose interference I have alluded, was familiarly addressed by the name of Smith.'

'We parted, much to my relief, at the southern base of the Pyrenees, you with your companions hastening onward to Madrid, whither Adileh and I followed by easier stages. We arrived in effect after the lapse of several days, but at the very gates of the city I was arrested by officers of the king, separated from my daughter, and placed without explanation in rigorous and solitary confinement. It was vaguely intimated to me that my offence was of a political nature.'

'The time is past now when the recital of these events could revive in my breast the feelings of alternate rage and despair to which I was a prey during my lonely imprisonment. To me the past with all its perturbations is as the stormy surface of the ocean to him who has sunk forever beneath its fathomless and lifeless depths. Instead then of dwelling on my own sufferings, let me use the few

moments which remain to me in relating as briefly and calmly as possible, what befell my ill-fated child during our separation.

‘Taken in charge by those who had torn us apart, she was conveyed, in a state of mind which may easily be imagined, to a quarter of the city wholly unknown to her. Here she was consigned to the care of an elderly female, who received her with tenderness and lavished upon her all the attentions which her situation required. Although no satisfaction was afforded her with respect to the cause and place of my detention, yet suggestions of hope were freely administered; and as a special source of encouragement, she was informed that the Prince-Royal of England had recently arrived in Madrid; that as a demonstration of the public joy, a multitude of prisoners had been liberated, and that doubtless his gracious intervention might be propitiated to procure the release of her father.

‘When by such representations and the lapse of time the spirits of Adileh had been sufficiently calmed, a stranger, an Englishman, was introduced; one whom she recognized as having been of the party which had journeyed with us in the Pyrenees. And as this person readily consented to become a mediator in the affair that was nearest her heart, that heart was unsuspectingly opened to the impression which his personal graces and practised duplicity were otherwise calculated to produce. Shall I detail by what arts, by what impostures, the ruin of a forlorn and friendless girl was effected? Even the world’s greedy ear has wearied of so trite and familiar a story. Enough for me to say, in vindication of her who has so bitterly requited her errors, that a fictitious marriage, procured by pretended communications from myself, was the precursor of Adileh’s degradation and misery.

‘The consummation of this nefarious plot was followed as usual by indifference and neglect. It was not long before Adileh’s eyes were opened to the nature of the whole transaction. A proposal as base as it was astounding, while it confirmed her worst apprehensions, served to demonstrate the superior rank of the impostor and the utter hopelessness of her own claims. This was nothing less than a requirement that she should allow herself to be transferred to the train of the Duchess D’Olivarez, in order to promote the views which this profligate foreigner had dared to form against the peace and purity of one of the highest ladies of the realm, the wife of the prime minister of Spain.

‘In confusion and dismay which for the time unseated her reason, Adileh fled from the presence of her betrayer and from the place which had witnessed her injuries. After long wandering through the streets of Madrid, she sunk exhausted at the door of an obscure building. With the tenant of this suspected habitation, an aged man who had given his days to the cultivation of sciences, which had only made him an outcast from society, she found shelter and compassion. It was here that I discovered her after long seeking, my discharge from imprisonment having taken place about this time, with as little apparent cause or explanation as my arrest.

‘It is true that my imprisonment was unexplained, but connected

with other occurrences, it had evidently been the result of the same agencies which had effected the ruin of my daughter. Some interest then, as powerful as mischievous, had been at the root of these enterprises. From Adileh I could learn nothing in addition to what I have related, but that her betrayer, the seeming author of all our calamities, bore the name which I have already mentioned as being the only one I had distinguished among the Englishmen who had accompanied us in our journey.

The Prince of Wales, the unfortunate Charles, was still in Madrid. It is well known that after having traversed France and Spain under an assumed name and guise, he was received at the latter court on the disclosure of his rank, with every mark of satisfaction and respect. The prisons were opened, he was placed on the right hand of the king; the Infanta, whom he had come to woo, was freely offered to his addresses. His will for the time seemed to have been substituted for the will which was at other times all-powerful in Spain. To him therefore it was obvious that I must have recourse in order to obtain redress for the wrongs inflicted by one of his countrymen.

It was not difficult to procure the audience; but judge of my surprise, judge of my consternation and dismay, when I recognized in the Prince himself the very individual who, under the name of Smith, had pressed his company upon Adileh and myself during our journey, and whom circumstances left me, in the blindness of my passion, no power of regarding as other than the high-handed violator of innocence and justice.

By his side stood the Duke of Buckingham, proud, impassive and unconcerned. My solitary confinement had shut me out from all intelligence of the character and intrigues of this profligate nobleman; much less was I then aware that in this ill-omened expedition he had borne the same name assumed by his royal companion. My own violence probably made explanation impossible; but if any thing had been wanting to determine my convictions it was supplied when Buckingham, having availed himself of my confusion to terminate the interview, followed me into the ante-room, and offered me a purse of great value in the name of his master.

A violent illness, during the continuance of which the Prince and his favorite departed from Spain, rendered me long unconscious of my injuries. Recovery brought with it not the overflow of wild and disordered passions, but a calm and settled purpose of deliberate revenge. On the bed of weakness I projected the scheme, which was afterward carried out with inflexible constancy, and which events conducted to a more signal success than my widest wishes could then anticipate. To be near my enemy in his hours of weakness and confidence, to exercise despotic power over his credulity and his fears, to seal his mind to the convictions of truth his heart to the appeals of justice and humanity; and in that hour of sudden and unforeseen fate which I determined should at last come, to hold him up a mark of scorn and contumely to mankind; this was the refinement of vengeance which I meditated. And as

no means occurred so likely to invest me with this power as the resources of an art which, however dreaded and decried, has always held its sway over the human mind, and given its professors ready access to the confidence of princes, I sedulously applied myself, (as did Adileh likewise,) to the cultivation of magic. Astrology had formed indeed a portion of my Syrian patrimony, and the cell of our ancient host was familiar with the most mysterious processes of occult science.

‘The deep and self-confiding purpose is never precipitate. Several years elapsed before I judged the time propitious for the execution of my project. At length, accompanied by Adileh, I embarked for England. It was the very hour when we first placed our feet on English ground, that fate delivered to the hand of the assassin one whom I remembered even then for his heartless insult. In Portsmouth, where we landed, the Duke of Buckingham had fallen by the poniard of Felton, and the report of his death, the first sounds which greeted my ear in England, seemed but the foretelling of farther and fuller satisfaction. Could my mind, darkened by prejudice and passion, have penetrated the truth, I might have accepted the event as a final if not an adequate expiation.

‘In pursuance of our plan, Adileh buried herself in the recesses of London. There, in the exercise of her art, she found opportunities of fomenting popular discontent, and of impressing the public mind with those vague anticipations of evil which so readily shape themselves into correspondent results. My own part was, as you know, enacted near the person of the monarch. I had found no difficulty in securing this position, for increasing cares and distractions had opened the mind of Charles to the influences which I sought to direct against it. With what effects the correspondence which I took care to maintain with Adileh was attended, I need not relate, since, in one decisive instance, you were the instrument and the witness of its fatal efficiency.

‘At length came the hour which was to satiate our long-cherished revenge; to crown with success the untiring efforts of years of dissembled hatred; to bring to full fruition the measure of retributive justice, so well considered, so painfully matured. The king was doomed, the executioner provided, the scaffold bent beneath its tragic burthen. It was then—then for the first time that Adileh looked upon the person of the victim, and knew indeed that the bolt had fallen on the unoffending head!

‘And now hearken—hearken while I have breath to tell it—to that part of my narrative which more nearly touches your own calamity. In our blindness we have pulled down ruin on more than ourselves. The inquiry will probably have suggested itself to your mind, whether in the long course of my practices against the unfortunate monarch, no doubt arose as to the identity of the criminal and the king? The purpose brooded over so long and eagerly does not easily allow its preconceptions to be disturbed: but there were seasons certainly, when the innate goodness which with all his failings marked the character of Charles, wrought powerfully

against my foregone conclusions. At such times I felt my purpose waver, and deeply implicated as I was in treasonous practices, would gladly have extorted the truth by whatever tests I could safely apply. To proceed openly and directly to such an inquiry would have been to hazard a discovery which was clearly inconsistent with my general purpose.

‘During my sojourn in Oxford, and while absorbed in these considerations, accident (for so we term it,) offered me as I supposed the means I was seeking. Walking one evening in the dim and lonely cloisters of the University, I came suddenly on a young girl and her matron; they were alone and apparently in seclusion, for as soon as they perceived the approach of a stranger, they rose from their devotions and disappeared through a neighboring door-way. I had long, as I believed, schooled my heart into insensibility and fortified my imagination against the illusions of feeling. But the form and features of the maiden bore to my excited mind so strange a resemblance to those of Adileh in her days of youth and innocence; the air of mystery and seclusion with which she seemed environed; associations, in a word, which, however strongly felt, it were difficult to define, wrought so instantaneously and powerfully on my feelings that I was surprised into tears. It was the first tribute of the kind which I had paid to my sorrows. Not without apparent reason then did I assume, that if the same or a similar scene, with such accessories as I well knew how to adduce, could be displayed before the eyes of the king, some token would be given, some feeling manifested, by which I might once for all decide the doubt which embarrassed my purposes.

‘Among all its expedients, the art of divination wields none of more potency to rouse the imagination, the feelings or the conscience, than that by which it professes to call up the absent or the dead before the eyes of the votary. You have yourself, on another occasion, been thus made to stand face to face with these visionary forms, and can well recall the force and distinctness with which they sometimes embody themselves. Whether real or illusory, (for art is limited, and it behooves the most skilful at times to invoke the aid of other than the elementary agents,) this process, by which the past may be revived, and, in spectral vision, the images of secret consciousness evoked, occurred to me as the readiest means of resolving my own doubts, by awakening in the breast of the king the confusion and remorse which, on the supposition of his guilt, must then surely betray themselves. I should succeed too in enlisting his conscience as an auxiliary in my plan of punishment and retribution.

‘In making the innocent girl (I need not name her,) a party to the scheme which I had devised, no serious harm had been designed or anticipated for her. But in the eager pursuit of my object, I had overlooked or failed to calculate the effect which might be wrought on a sensitive imagination by being unexpectedly made a spectator and actor in a scene of magic incantation startling even to the adept, and capable of impressing with awe and consternation the strongest minds. I will not recall the particulars of that fatal night. In ter-



ror and bewilderment Ianthé made her escape from our custody. The sad and unlooked-for result, threatening as it did the disclosure and discomfiture of those machinations to which I had devoted my life, made it necessary for me to direct all my activity and influence to your future exclusion from the royal presence. With what charge of disaffection and treason the mind of the king was abused it imports not now to relate. The violence of your deportment gave but too much plausibility to the charge, whatever it was, and the blind resentment which you subsequently indulged made you unconsciously the instrument and victim of a revenge as blind, insatiate and disastrous as your own !'

HERE the manuscript ended. Lord Stair could not but yield his sympathy to his unfortunate relative, who, whatever his faults, seemed to have expiated them by so long a course of friendless and hopeless regret. The truth of the disclosures which had been made with regard to his own affairs left him no reason to doubt of the sincerity of the whole communication. He repaired, therefore, the morning following the interview, to the same place, intending to offer the outcast a refuge on his own estates. But the old man had departed unnoticed during the night, and no after inquiries afforded the least trace of his fate.

NOTE.—The incident which has suggested the preceding narrative is given by D'Arnaud, (*Delassements de l'homme sensible*), with unhesitating assurance of its truth. He relates the interview between Lord Stair and his ancestor, (who must have attained at the period of the battle of Dettingen an extraordinary though not absolutely unparalleled age,) and his assertion is countenanced by the 'Historical Sketches of Charles I.,' where it is said, 'The man in the mask who executed the king was no other than Lord Stair, who had sworn to be revenged on Charles for a supposed injury to a female relative. Lord Stair, who died many years after in a garret in St. Martin's Lane, confessed this on his death-bed.' Yet after all, the question 'Who killed King Charles?' though often asked at the time, remains unsettled; every assertion on this subject meeting others no less plausible and confident. However unimportant now, at the Restoration it was one of no little interest. One Col. Hewlett, at least, must have thought so, as he owed to a vague charge of this sort his introduction to the gallows. The revulsion of popular sentiment was perhaps never more signal than in the changed feelings with which, some years after the execution, its instruments were regarded. As the public executioner was among others suspected of the deed, though he had the good fortune to anticipate by death this access of popular repentance, 'his carcass,' we are told, 'was gibbeted with great joy and hooting of the people, who pulled up all the nettles and weeds instead of rosemary, with which they strewed the ways, crying, 'One of the rogues has gone to the devil, and we hope the rest will soon follow !''

## THE RIVER WAVE.

BY THE SHEPHERD OF SHARONDALE, VALLEY OF VIRGINIA.

O whither away, my bonny blue wave,  
O whither away so free?  
'I am going to hear how the wild billows rave  
Afar on the deep, deep sea!  
Return, gentle wavelet! before thou art lost,  
In that bitter and briny foam,  
For the ocean is dark and stormy and cold,  
And not like thine own sunny home.

Remember the rocks whence you leaped with wild glee,  
Your birth-place you cannot forget;  
And think of the time when through the dark woods,  
You roamed with one sweet rivulet:  
O think of the lilies that stooped from the banks  
To play with your beautiful crest,  
And think of the roses that left their fair homes  
To float on your still, spotless breast.

'O well I remember the place of my birth,  
The bubbling hill-side fountain;  
And how blithely I gambolled from rock to rock,  
Down the side of the lofty mountain:  
But I am tired of the woods with their dark shady bowers,  
I am tired of the lonely rill;  
And I've flirted my fill with the beautiful flowers,  
Though dearly I love them still.'

'I feel now my strength; I long to be free,  
The storm and the tempest to brave!  
To mingle my foam with the foam of the sea,  
And grow to a vast mountain wave;  
Then I'll rise up on high and I'll kiss the blue sky,  
And play with the black thunder-cloud;  
And a wreath of white foam I will wear like a crown,  
And I'll sing with the tempest aloud!'

Farewell then, bright wave! wayward one, go thy way!  
Roll on—but O think of the cost!  
Full soon you will moan, and for many a day,  
O'er peace and o'er purity lost:  
When the bright little fishes of silver and gold  
Shall desert your dark poisonous bourne,  
And strange sullen monsters your breast shall enfold,  
Not then would we have you return!

A symbol of man: he breaks through the ties  
That environ the freshness of youth,  
And heeds not the voice that would fain win him back  
To his loved ones, his home and his truth;  
He feels then his strength, and he longs to be free,  
The storm and the tempest to brave,  
To mingle his might in ambition's wild sea,  
And grow to a vast mountain wave.

And little he recked for his purity lost,  
 His soul he would risk for a name ;  
 To wear on his brow that wreath of light foam,  
 The perishing garland of fame ;  
 When those virtues more precious than silver or gold  
 In his bosom shall cease to sojourn,  
 And strange monster passions his breast shall enfold,  
 Not then would we have him return !

## LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF FASHIONABLE LIFE.

BY PETER SCHEMIL.

‘Ich habe gesehen, was (Ich weiss das) ich nicht würde geglaubt haben auf ihre erzählung.’

THEVRANUS, TO COLERIDGE.

‘I have seen what I am certain I would not have believed on your telling.’

THE mirror cleared up but partially, and the images appeared dimly on its surface. The Gentleman in Black said ‘he regretted to state, that his ability to magnetize the glass had been somewhat exhausted, but if Mrs. Smith would be pleased to wait a little, he should soon recover his power to do so.’

‘Certainly,’ said Mrs. Smith ; ‘will you not take a glass of wine.’

The Gentleman in Black bowed acquiescence.

‘Walk into the library,’ said Mrs. Smith ; ‘I think we shall find some there.’ So saying, she led the way to the library, a large room opening into the saloon, and which was admirably fitted up ; the rich carved cases of oak were filled with shelves loaded with books, and ornamented with the busts of those whose works were living beneath them.

As he entered, the Gentleman in Black stood surprised at the size of the room, which was lighted by lustres, and had been used during the evening for card-playing. On the long table in the centre were some bottles of wine and goblets. After carefully scanning the shelves, he seated himself on one of the luxurious lounges near the table, and said, in a low tone, as if to himself : ‘Agreeable to nature and according to art.’ The quick ear of the lady caught the words, and she begged the gentleman to tell her what they meant.

‘My dear Madam,’ he replied, ‘that is a question much more easy to ask than to answer. I saw them for the first time on the sign of a shoer of horses in the metropolis. It struck me as somewhat enigmatical, as applied to shoeing horses, but when applied to your books, it may be interpreted, ‘The heaviest at the bottom and the lightest at the top ;’ which is as natural as the froth upon a can of beer. Lord Bacon has said, ‘The tendency of works of worth is to find in the flood of time which bears up only that which is trivial and worthless,’ and which Dr. Shaw, his translator, instances

by the sinking of the philosophy of Democritus, while that of Plato still swims.'

'I was not aware, Sir, that any such profound considerations lay hid in the remark which seemed to me at first somewhat disparaging; but I presume what you say is all very true.'

'Where could you have found these books?' inquired the Gentleman in Black. 'They stand here arrayed like contending armies; and, Madam, if they should ever fall to loggerheads, the battle would be more direful than the battle of books described by Dean Swift; for then it was for the right of property, but this would be what Mr. Canning so much depicted as the war of opinion. Here,' said he, pointing to the right side of the room, 'are the Fathers and Doctors of the Catholic Church; and here,' going up to the cases, and running his hand over a series of folios and quartos, 'is the Macedonian phalanx of English divines;' reading at the same time, the names of Baxter, Bunyan, Howe, Flavel, and other great names of the Puritans, adding, in a tone almost a whisper, 'These were giants in their days.'

'My dear, Sir,' said Mrs. Smith, 'I do not know any of them, for I never opened a single volume. We had this room to furnish, and an agent of my husband was in Spain when some monasteries were suppressed, and as he was authorized to purchase books for us, he bought the entire library; and on his return to England, finding a library about to be sold of a distinguished English scholar and divine, he made a similar purchase, and sent them over, and they have been but recently received and placed on the shelves. Coming from such sources, I presumed that they were all most respectable and learned authors. They are certainly very antiquated and imposing in the outward appearance, and very fitting for a place in our library. Will you not take a glass of wine?' said Mrs. Smith, going to the table and filling a goblet.

'With all pleasure,' said the Gentleman in Black, seating himself again; and pouring out another goblet full of wine, he continued the conversation; and while he did so, he held his fingers on the goblet which he had filled, drawing them slowly down the sides of the goblet; and continuing to do so, Mrs. Smith's attention was attracted to his hand, which was thin and sinewy, and his fingers singularly long and slender, with nails beautifully formed, and then too, so very strong and long, that she could not but be surprised at their novelty, and which would have done honor to a mandarin. After having finished these manipulations, he very politely handed her the goblet, and taking up his own, said: 'Shall I have the pleasure of drinking a glass of wine with you?'

Mrs. Smith, though no member of a Total Abstinence Society, never drank wine, and was about to decline, but thinking that to do so would not be courteous, carried the glass to her lips, and sipping it, was surprised at the exquisite flavor and *bouquet* of the wine; and unconsciously to herself had drank nearly half of the wine, before she was aware of it, and then sat it down on the table. The Gentleman in Black begged her to finish the glass, and pushed it toward

her to the edge of the table; she put forth her hand to re-set it on the table, and unexpectedly to herself the cup upset, at which the Gentleman in Black looked at her inquiringly, and with an air of surprise, which was equally a matter of astonishment to herself. He offered to refill the glass, but she positively declined, and so it was relinquished. She was surprised to find the effects of the wine were so delightfully exhilarating: all the trials and mortifications of the evening were lightened from her heart; she was buoyant and happy; and though she had never seen the Gentleman in Black before, she felt the most perfect and unrestrained freedom in his presence.

The Gentleman in Black renewed the conversation by saying, 'He had been very much gratified during the evening by meeting with so many of his friends, and somewhat amused by some of the incidents which had come under his observation.'

'Oh!' said Mrs. Smith, clapping her hands to her ears, 'how my ears burn! I am sure I am being used up at more firesides than one at this very moment. How cosily my dear friends are now sitting by their firesides discussing all the *contre-temps* of this party of mine; and some ready to cut my acquaintance for the losses they have sustained! How little of happiness there is, after all, in giving or going to these great crowds; and yet how much of management there is in showing off fine dresses by some, and fine girls by others!'

'Certainly,' said the Gentleman in Black; 'but for the motives presented by vanity or ambition, few would be willing to meet all the sacrifices and expenses incident to these routes; especially is this true of ladies.'

'All this is so new to me,' said Mrs. Smith, 'that I may not as yet perfectly understand how all these motives are brought to bear; but in one case at least which occurred this evening I was let in behind the scenes, and compelled against my will, to enact a part.'

'Do let me hear,' said the Gentleman in Black; 'for if it be a pleasure to talk over a party by the several guests at their firesides, it is no less so, certainly, at your own. It may be compared to making a survey of a battle-field after the contest is over.'

'Oh dear me! I fear the sick and wounded are so many, and the laurels which have been so unexpectedly conferred, have come in so questionable a shape, that few have retired satisfied with their conquests; the exception to the general discontent,' continued Mrs. Smith, 'must I am sure be Mrs. Tripp and her daughter. Some days after my invitations were out, Mrs. Tripp's carriage stopped at my door. I had met with her at the Springs last summer. She sent me up her card and begged to see me if possible that morning. Accordingly she was admitted. Had she been the friend of ten years standing, I could not have been greeted with more kindness and devotion. She had received our card, was delighted with the pleasure of making my acquaintance, and would have called long since, but had just returned to town; had heard of me from several of her friends, and was sure we should hereafter be the best of friends. She looked curiously around my parlors, and begged me to show

my rooms, all which evidently surprised her by the costliness of their fitting up. Having completed her survey, and returned to our seats, she was profuse in her compliments at the 'taste and elegance' as she was pleased to say, with which my rooms were fitted up. She seemed to me a very bustling busy-body, who could but ill conceal her curiosity under the exterior of fine manners; and after saying some more of these agreeable nothings, she remarked, with an air of the greatest frankness and affection, that 'Adela and Josephine would certainly do themselves the pleasure of being present at my coming party, which she said would, (for she had been told so by every body,) combine all the fashion of the city. Indeed, they felt the greatest interest in its success; and Adela had actually been taking lessons every day for these last two weeks of Mons. Gilbert of some exquisite gems from the new opera of Rossini, of which she had the only copies, and which came by the last steamer; and which have never been sung in Babylon; 'and though she does n't say so, my dear Mrs. Smith, yet I am sure she will sing them, if you should wish her to do so; she is such a good child! Ah! you must and will love her; she's so perfectly *naïve*;' and without taking breath, the lady asked me, 'Which will be your music room, so that I may tell her the size of it?' Whereupon I showed her the room in which our musical friends were assembled this evening. 'Oh! its just the thing! just the right size!' — but coming up to me in a very winning way she said, 'Do n't you think the drapery hurts the effect of the voice?' I told her it did not occur to me; but that my curtains were up, and as they were necessary to complete the finish of the room, they must remain.' 'Certainly, my dear; certainly, if they are fixtures,' said Mrs. Tripp; 'but Adela is so particular; she has the greatest objection to any thing' — she hesitated, and changed the construction of her sentence by saying — 'which looks like a show-off. You must tell her, my dear Mrs. Smith, that there will be no attempt of the sort made — won't you?' But I'm sure you will; I need not say a word more; but——'

She paused, and I assured her 'if Miss Adela would be willing to sing the pieces she had spoken of, no one would listen to her with more pleasure than myself.' 'My dear Mrs. Smith, you are too kind,' was her reply, which was said with an air so *distrain* that it was evident she was big with something she had as yet concealed, and which was doubtless the object and purpose of her call. Seeing I had nothing more to say, she opened her budget, by repeating her last words: 'But may I make a single inquiry? — and that is, have you Mr. Winterbottom on your list of invited guests?' I told her 'I would look;' and so we returned to our seats once more; and I then drew from my cabinet my list, and told her his name was not included. 'Pardon me, if I say to you, it would be a particular favor conferred upon me if you would send him a card. You know he is a very interesting gentleman, and has recently inherited his father's estate, which I am told is very large, and designs to occupy the house now building on Twenty-fifth avenue — a splendid house; altogether he is a very attractive gentleman, and one who would be



missed;’ and then leaning forward, she whispered as if almost afraid to be overheard, ‘He is so fond of music!’

I ventured to ask ‘if he was a young man, and unmarried.’

This somewhat embarrassed the lady, who confessed he was not so very young, and that he was unmarried; indeed, he was one who never would be; no one had ever mistaken him for a single man; ‘but you know that these gentlemen give a certain interest to all such parties.’

‘Oh certainly,’ said I; ‘I will invite Mr. Winterbottom this very day, and thank you for having named him to me.’

The great object of her visit being accomplished, Mrs. Tripp, to show me how much *she* was my friend, did me the kindness to tell me of the canvass which had been made by Mrs. Van Dam and others to exclude me from the *recherché* circles of Babylon. These little arts she narrated with so much skill and address, that I could not at once discern the malice with which she was prompted, and which thus enabled her at any time to say to these ladies that she had told me of these things to my face, and so win for herself golden opinions in those very circles in which she held herself in a doubtful position, and in which she might perhaps secure her own footing the better, by aiding the Van Dams’ and Van Tromps’, in their zealous exertions to save the purity of the circles of Fashionable Society from the unwelcome addition of such *parvenus* as myself and husband, whose success in the accumulation of wealth they held was our only claim to good society, and which gave good grounds for our ostracism. I had been told of all these things before, for ill tidings never need a herald, and was not therefore taken by surprise, by any additional items of intelligence narrated with so much tact by Mrs. Tripp.

‘Do think of it!’ said this new-found friend of mine; ‘the Van Tromps to claim a position on the score of their family, when their grand-father cut candles years ago at the corner of Gold-street, in a little grocery he kept there.’

‘Cut candles! my dear Madam,’ I said; ‘you are absolutely unintelligible.’

‘Why, my dear Mrs. Smith, I mean he really sold candles worth a half-penny each by the halves; and yet because, by some lucky chance, he purchased some fifty acres of land up town, and held on to it, they forsooth must now take it upon them to discuss the expediency of rewarding success in trade, by any additions to their circles from the class of dry-good merchants. Is n’t it altogether past endurance?’

‘I told her whatever may have been the position of the Van Tromps’ grand-father, I deemed them perfectly right in deciding for themselves to whom they would extend the courtesies of society; and that this was a right I should exercise, and never should object to its application to myself.’

‘But, my dear Madam, this caballing and intimidation of weak women on all sides! What do you say to that? You do n’t justify them in all this manœuvring?’

'By no means,' I replied; 'I deem all such conduct discourteous and unjust.'

'Ah! my dear Madam, that's what I told Adela, when Mrs. Van Tromp ——' Here she hesitated, and I, guessing at what was in her mind, quickly and in the most innocent manner, completed the sentence, by saying, 'declined sending Adela an invitation to her recent fancy-dress party. It was very provoking, I'm sure; and Madam Lafonde, the dress-maker, was very unwise to show the dress she was making up for Adela, and saying it was designed for her costume at that party.'

The eyes of Mrs. Tripp are naturally bright, but they now flashed fire, for this was a new wrinkle in her forehead.

'My dear Mrs. Smith, you do not tell me so?'

'Oh yes, it was all the talk in Park-avenue, and 't was thought so very amusing to that clique, that the Van Tromps not only determined to decline all your efforts to procure an invitation for Adela, but Katrine Van Tromp, to make the matter the more conspicuous, had the very dress which Adela had with so much taste and expense projected, exactly copied, and wore it at that very party.'

'My dear Madam, that explains it all. I could not conceive how it was possible she could have hit upon a dress so like Adela's as I heard it was. As to Lafonde, I will punish her for her treachery.'

'Oh do n't think of it,' I replied, in the most affectionate and sympathizing manner possible; 'you know, dear Mrs. Tripp, that in doing so you must confess your knowledge of this contrivance, and so show your pain at its success. Adela would no doubt have had her invitation but for the pleasure this poor triumph afforded the Van Tromps and their cliques.'

'To think of the absurdity of Katrine Van Tromp wearing a dress which was only graceful on a girl like Adela! I'm sure she must have appeared supremely ridiculous.'

'Doubtless; but then it gave her clique during the evening so fine an opportunity of saying such witty speeches about wearing Adela Tripp's plumage, that this reconciled her to any incongruity she may have felt; but this may have not been the case, for we are never conscious of our own defects, you know.'

'Now as a true friend, my dear Mrs. Tripp, let me beg of you not to speak of this matter. Indeed it will be very wrong of you, because it was told to me in confidence, and I felt myself only justified in speaking of this to you after all the kindness you have been pleased to express in the success of my party; and beside, I am sure the Van Tromps will be gratified to witness the pain they have inflicted, and this will be a new triumph over you and Adela; so I would never reveal to any one your acquaintance with their management. Now was not all this very amiable in me?' inquired Mrs. Smith.

The Gentleman in Black smiled, and bowed his approbation. Mrs. Smith continued:

'Poor Mrs. Tripp found she had for once had the coals of fire she prides herself upon casting about with so much adroitness, re-

turned into her own bosom; and unable to continue the conversation without an exhibition of her feelings, and doubtless soothed by the success of her visit to me, she regretted her call could not be prolonged, and took her leave, talking about Adela and music to the very door, and making her last curtesy, disappeared.

Two days since she made her appearance once more; said she 'desired of all things for me to see her daughters,' and duly introduced her Adela and Josephine. You saw them this evening?

'Certainly,' replied the Gentleman in Black.

'Do you not think them graceful and pretty?'

'They are certainly so; but to me they seemed to have manners 'made up to order,' and their simplicity was far too simple to be successful.'

'The dear girls,' said Mrs. Smith, 'were very like their mother, excessively pleased with all they saw; told me every body was thinking of my party — every one was expecting so much enjoyment. And all this being over, there was that little by-play between the mother and daughters, which told me *their* visit too had its ultimate design; for which I patiently waited the *dénouement*, in the most perverse silence.'

'Dear Mrs. Smith, I told Adela she must see your beautiful rooms.'

'They are not in a condition to be seen,' I replied quietly.

'Ah! I am so sorry; but could we not see the music-room?'

'If it be an object of especial wish, certainly; but you will excuse its condition, for I have just received one of Erard's pianos' which was being tuned.

'An Erard! indeed! oh! let me see it!' said Miss Adela.

On reaching the room, the piano was the only object of interest; and so eager was Adela to hear its tones, that she begged to be permitted to strike its keys; and did so, while her sister and mother stood anxiously by. It was evident that it was not just the thing they could have wished; and Adela whispered aside to her mother, 'It's so loud and harsh!' 'My dear Mrs. Smith,' said the mother, 'where is the piano you had here when I last had the pleasure of calling?'

It is removed to the manufacturer's. 'To be repaired?' 'No, to be sold.'

All hope of having an instrument suitable for the voice of the gentle Adela was thus quieted. Mrs. Tripp begged Adela to gratify me with one single song, which the young lady, after some apparent hesitation, complied, and continued singing for an hour or more, so that I had all the advantages of a rehearsal, which, while it enabled me to judge of her singing powers, enabled her to form an opinion of the piano and of the room in which she was destined to win golden opinions, and which I cannot but believe was the object of their visit. Now of all my guests, there have been none this evening who have been so devoted in their attentions. No sooner was the supper over, than the managing mother came to ask me if we should not be favored with a little music from some of the lovely and talented amateurs who thronged my rooms; and in this she was

seconded by some other matrons, and those useful gentlemen who are always on hand to draw forth their daughters upon such occasions, and who were earnest in saying how delightful it would be. I was however engaged to commence the dancing with Lieutenant De Roos of the Coldstream Guards, who had been presented to me in great form by Montmorris, as the member of some noble family which I now forget, and who sought me to fulfil my promise, which he did in a very agreeable manner, to the great delight of the young ladies and their beaux, who thought nothing half so fine as a dance; so, to the great regret of all lovers of music, I led the way to the ball-room, and could only assure Mrs. Tripp, so soon as I had set my young friends in motion, I would rejoin her, which I was prompt to do; but as is usual, those who did not dance are either lookers-on of those who did, or had sought this room to play cards; so that the saloon presented a rather thin aspect of but about fifty, mostly those whose dancing days were over; but bad as the prospect was, Mrs. Tripp renewed her earnest entreaties that I would ask some of our musical ladies to sing, and politely led me to several whom she said were Malibrans in private life. These sweet ladies, some very young and some very old, all had the usual number of colds and catarrhs, and there seemed but little chance of a quiet concert, notwithstanding all the opulence of talent, it was on all hands acknowledged I was in the full possession of, distributed among these very ladies. At length one of the young ladies, after having had sundry very severe and sour things whispered, as I pressed by her mother, agreed to commence; and then it occurred to me we were somewhat deficient in listeners. So, begging them to go on, I set off to the ball-room to enlist as many as I could find to take their share of the notes about to be issued, whose value, like those of our banks, is rated by the circuit of their circulation. Here I met Wallis, who as kind as ever, promised to aid me, and some thirty were detached from the ball-room, which was indeed excessively crowded, and where not one in ten of those who wished to dance could hope to show off the beauty of their dresses or the gracefulness of their steps; and yet it was a hard task to get them away. With these therefore I sought to make a commencement of my concert; and when we entered the room, the ladies were gathered in groups; no one of them could be induced to commence. The young lady I had hoped was in full voice had taken her seat at the piano, had raised a few faint notes, but in consequence doubtless of the cutting saying of her too-anxious mother, had broken down after a few bars, and was weeping on one of the sofas, which had a sensible tendency to render the other mamas more cautious in their movements; so, by a sort of common consent, they all were waiting for my coming. I had then to find a young lady who would sing first. I would have gone directly to Miss Adela, but her mother had met me in the saloon, where she was awaiting my coming, and said Adela begged not to be asked to sing first, as she feared she should sink under the effort; and I had promised not to do so. I entreated a sweet girl, who certainly looked musical, but she feared she had

no voice; her elder sisters urged in a quiet way their belief that she would find it better than she feared; but she really looked so sweetly disconcerted that I could not press her, and she promised by and by she *would* sing; so I applied elsewhere. This young lady could not sing alone, but would sing a duett if Miss Cebra would sing with her; a search being made, Miss Cebra was dancing and could not come; so this failed. Just then quite a rush came into the room, and the looks of earnest interest they manifested to see what was going on, made me direct my next entreaties to Miss Adela, whom I found standing beside a gentleman looking all of fifty; a sober, quiet sensible man, whose arm she held, talking to him with that sort of earnestness and air of unconsciousness of all that is going on around her, which young ladies sometimes wear as a mask to cover up their thoughts; so that when I addressed her with a request that she should favor us with some one of her operatic gems, she gave quite a start, and had I asked her to repeat the ten commandments, she would not have appeared more surprised. 'My dearest Madam, you don't think it possible! Indeed, indeed, indeed I *never* sing; only at home to my father and mother, or to one or two very particular and kind friends, do I? looking very tenderly, and appealing to Mr. Winterbottom. He very frigidly, as I thought, expressed his hopes, his wishes, that she should at once comply; saying Mrs. Smith must be weary of all this pleading off by those whose talents were so well known.'

I thanked him for his aid, and Adela relented and presented her pretty hand — it certainly was very pretty — to Mr. Winterbottom, and giving him a soft pressure, which did not escape my observation, saying at the instant *to me* 'To please you I will try;' and so led Mr. Winterbottom, rather than being led by him, to the piano. Her sister Josephine had anticipated her sister, and was already seated on the stool to play the accompaniment.

'My dear Madam,' said the Gentleman in Black, 'breaking in upon Mrs. Smith's narrative, 'You should have been near me to have witnessed the mischief just then set on foot by Wallis.'

'Indeed! what mischief? He is too amiable to do any thing very wicked.'

'You shall hear how it was. While you were thus occupied in your hopeless task of persuading those young ladies to sing, and all was hushed into the expectancy which you know always precedes earthquakes and all such unusual out-breaks in nature, and which have their types in all such musical in-gatherings. I was standing with Wallis near the door, when in came Major Brownlee, with his usually breezy way, with that *tun* of a lady, who wore the blue satin dress and turban; whose face would have well matched the late Dutchess of St. Albans. You will recollect her?'

'Oh yes, certainly; go on, I am all impatience.'

'Finding all hushed into perfect silence, the Major looked amazingly mystified; and seeing Wallis, he came up, and in a stage whisper, asked, 'What's going on here?' Wallis replied, in the same whisper, and with a most grave aspect, 'Mrs. Smith has had a season of prayer, and now we are about to sing!'

‘A prayer-meeting! the devil! it’s too hot here for me!’ and so saying, he wheeled off with the lady, who looked her astonishment, to spread the news in the dancing saloon; and ’twas this that brought in the rush of inquiring faces you have just referred to.’

‘I am under infinite obligations to Wallis truly,’ said Mrs. Smith, ‘and shall not forget to acknowledge them.’ ‘The thing had its influence upon Adela, who doubtless attributed it to the zeal of hearing her voice — and a fine voice it is! Her slides I thought were perfect, and her trills astounding; and her throat played with a motion only surpassed by a Canary bird’s in the full tide of song; and when she came to that sweet, and dying close, I felt as if I could say, ‘If music be the food of love — sing on!’ The encore was every thing her mother could wish, and she had the tact to decline a farther effort. Her bolt had reached the mark to which her notes had winged it. The face of Winterbottom for once brightened. Every body said, ‘How beautiful!’ ‘how transcendent!’ and ‘how graceful!’ And I doubt not he thought ‘What a fine voice Miss Adela has, and what a fine thing it will be for me to have so fine a lady in my fine house!’ And on her part she may have thought ‘How gladly I would exchange my *notes* for *yours*!’ But whatever may have been the thoughts of the parties in question, the grace with which Adela glided away from the piano, and the modesty with which she received all congratulations, and the look of gentle entreaty to Winterbottom to lead her away, was all admirable. He was evidently flattered, and her success doubtless induced some mothers to look anxiously to those kind friends I have spoken of, who know how to be useful at such times, and at least a dozen of those young ladies who had been beyond all entreaty, already began to look diffident, and commenced pulling at the fingers of their kid gloves; when to their horror, as well as my own, a gentleman led that everlasting cancatrice, Mrs. Offenheim, who put a new face on things by bursting upon us with her famous bravura. Nothing could have been more beautiful than the looks of interest with which Adela now stood forward to admire and applaud. She had no fears of rivalry, and then it was such an act of amiability to suggest one song after another, till the patience of all the pretty songsters was worn out, and the company dispersed. Mrs. Tripp was truly delighted; all that tact and contrivance could accomplish had been attained; and Adela and Mr. Winterbottom took leave of me at the same time.

‘But what did *you* think of Miss Adela’s singing?’ inquired Mrs. Smith.

‘It was too artificial to suit me. A lady should *sing* as little like an operatic *artiste* as she should *dance* like one, and should be as far from wriggling her petticoats when singing, like Madame Pico, as she would be of tossing them up when dancing with the *abandon* of Mademoiselle Augusta.’

‘Do you think so! I am glad to have my own impressions corrected by your matured judgment.’

The Gentleman in Black, bowed his acknowledgments.



‘Did you dance this evening?’ inquired Mrs. Smith, in the kindest manner.

‘I never dance,’ said the Gentleman in Black, ‘owing to a slight defect in my left ankle. I am like Byron, compelled to gaze on pleasures which I am left to envy and admire;’ but he added with great fervency and emphasis, ‘I am always gratified to set others dancing.’

‘Did you witness the Polka, as danced by those sweet girls in blue silks with silver-sprigs?’ inquired Mrs. Smith; ‘I have really forgotten their names, but their beauty was so *distingue* that their forms are not so soon forgotten.’

‘I remarked them,’ replied the Gentleman in Black, ‘and the dance was graceful and attractive enough, as any dance would be so sweetly sustained; but I do n’t think it can be permanently attractive or graceful, unless the ladies will consent to wear dresses of the required scantiness and length. It must be confined therefore to fancy balls and the stage, where the suitable costumes can be worn; moreover, its effect depends so much on the air of coquetry and romping to be assumed in it, that it is but travestied as we see it danced in drawing-rooms.’

‘There is no dance,’ said Mrs. Smith, ‘like the waltz. How fairy-like and graceful it can be made to appear I think we saw in the person of Miss De Ligne, who followed me in waltzing with De Roos. Did you see her?’

‘Yes, truly! I saw nothing but her amid all the group; no form was so faultless, no movement so perfect; the features wore the aspect of the sweetest serenity, while her feet moved with a lightness which, had flowers been springing beneath her, would but have bent their heads in homage of her loveliness!’

‘My dear Sir, you must, with all the other gentlemen, have been entranced! Indeed they all seemed willing to stand and gaze, and no ladies were willing to adventure into the circle while she was waltzing. I never saw such universal homage; rendered and won all unconsciously to herself. And her surprise at finding herself alone on the floor was so innocently expressed, and the compliments paid her were received too in a manner so perfectly quiet and maidenly, and without the slightest pretence, that I was so charmed with her I could not refrain from kissing her on the spot.’

‘An example, my dear Madam, which for one I would gladly have followed.’ ‘No doubt, Sir, and all the other gentlemen in long succession. That would not have been so hard a task as that which followed, of waltzing with those weighty ladies who next took the floor, tasking the sinews of the unfortunates whose hard work it was to heave them round. How can such figures and forms venture into the giddy whirl of the waltz? There was Jack Musard ready to die of his toils in waltzing with Katrine Van Tromp!’

‘You were speaking of our long dresses,’ continued Mrs. Smith; ‘do n’t you think they could be improved?’ ‘Most certainly,’ replied the Gentleman in Black; ‘by being made shorter; and they would be, if all had the pretty foot I see peeping out of its concealment.’

Mrs. Smith hastily withdrew it ; but soon after, as the conversation proceeded, by the most natural movement in the world, again gave it light and air. Like all pretty ladies so endowed, she was unwilling it should be hid—and it was certainly worth the seeing ; it was so slender, with an instep so high, that when walking on a light snow only the ball and heel made their imprint on the pavement.

‘It seems strange that our present fashion should be so enduring,’ said Mrs. Smith.

‘My dear Madam, you are little aware of the state policy which has led to their adoption and perpetuity,’ replied the Gentleman in Black.

‘State policy ! What has the policy of states to do with our dresses ?’

‘It is telling cabinet secrets ; but as you desire it I will reveal to you some of ‘the secrets of my prison-house !’

‘I beg you will do so.’ ‘He must be a diplomat !’ thought Mrs. Smith.

‘You are doubtless aware that the fashions of the first circles of London and Paris are determined by certain *modistes*, usual men, aided by suggestions from the leaders of the ton. Some years since the state of the trade of France and England became a subject of absorbing interest to the cabinets of Paris and London. The consumption did not meet the supply ; the operatives were clamorous for food ; they must be fed ; *how*, was a question which was long mooted. There was no possibility of increasing the number of consumers, and the only relief was to be found in an increase of the goods consumed. At last an appeal was made to the *modistes* of Paris, and Lady Blessington and her Count D’Orsay came to their aid, and to their inventive genius and agency ladies owe their present fashions. It is true their first go-off was not found graceful, and bishop’s-sleeves were soon voted only in good taste when worn by the venerable lords spiritual ; so they transferred the bishops from the sleeve to the hips, and what was lost to the sleeve was added to the skirt, and the bishop was required to give grace and flow to the drapery. I remember being at a levee at the president’s on new year’s day, when these first came into fashion, and was in company with an honest son from the far west, who asked me how it was that the girls on this side of the mountains had forms so much fuller than the girls of the west ? I initiated him into the secret of wearing bishops. He looked grave and seemed satisfied with the explanation, though like a certain parrot we read of, ‘he kept up a devil of a thinking ;’ when he suddenly whirled me round and said, ‘Look there !’ pointing to the wife of a distinguished senator from the east, somewhat remarkable certainly for the excess of her fashion ; ‘look there ! that woman has not only the bishop but a whole diocess on her hips !’

‘Oh, you are too severe on us ladies ! I must not listen to you.’

‘My dear Madam,’ said the Gentleman in Black, with an air of the utmost humility, ‘pardon me if I have offended you, but the incident amused me at the time, and I hope has amused you.’

‘But you were speaking of these fashions as being matters of state policy,’ said Mrs. Smith, wishing to relieve the gentleman of his embarrassment and to recall the topic which had excited her surprise.

‘Yes, Madam, they have become so; and the aristocracy of England and France are compelled, whatever may be the change of texture and cut, to consume as many yards as possible in their fashions. The costume *à la nature* once adopted in France can never be renewed.’

‘Costume *à la nature*!’ said Mrs. Smith, in a tone of surprise; ‘that is a fashion I never before heard of.’

‘Indeed! Well, it was one of the vagaries of the French Revolution, and consisted of a fine flesh-colored knit silk, perfectly fitting the form, over which mantles of classic cut were gracefully worn. The ladies then looked very much like a tribe of Indian women from the foot of the Rocky Mountains. The wife of the French Minister in those days once appeared so habited at a levee given by Mr. Jefferson, and a good old lady who was present assured me that she was sure a naked woman had walked into the drawing-room; and the dismay she spread was as amusing to the gentlemen as it was beyond all description distressing to the ladies. I need not say, she made but one such exhibition of herself.’

‘Is it possible,’ said Mrs. Smith, ‘that any fashions more absurd than the present were ever worn?’

‘The present! they are not ungraceful; flesh and blood are now in good repute, and a lady does not strive to repress what in the nature of things must be attractive. But I assure you it is not thirty years since, that our ladies sought to be as straight and as thin as laths.’

‘Dear me! how could they accomplish this! You are romancing!’

‘No indeed, Madam, I am not; and if you will allow me to explain what is so mysterious, I will tell you by what most ingenious process this result was to some degree attained. At night they put on wet sheep-skins, which were drawn tight by means of lacings; these of course shrunk as they dried during the hours of sleep, and made what was small before,

‘Fine by degrees and beautifully less.’

‘You astonish me! I never will again complain of the present fashion if I have been saved from such slow martyrdom, and which to me,’ looking for an instant on her swelling shoulders and full chest, ‘would have been as hopeless of attainment as undesirable when attained.’

The Gentleman in Black sat in silence; his looks were eloquent of his due appreciation of beauty which no art could hide, heighten, or improve. Mrs. Smith, somewhat embarrassed by the silence which followed, rose, and taking a book from the shelf, asked the Gentleman in Black if he had seen the volume she handed to him, saying at the same time, ‘that the author was one of her particular friends, and who had favored her with his presence at her party;’

and this she did, hoping to solve the doubt in her own mind as to what should be the profession to which the Unknown was devoted. The Gentleman in Black seemed surprised to find it a volume of sermons; and looked inquiringly at the lady, as though he would ask, 'Why do you hand me such a book as this?' But as she made no other observation, and had re-seated herself, he looked over the volume, which he threw down on the table, saying, 'he had never seen it before.'

'You are not fond of sermons, then?'

'No, Madam; this is a sort of literature for which I have no especial predilections.'

'Nor have I,' said Mrs. Smith; 'and I do not know why these compositions should be called by so obsolete a name as sermons, which are usually so jejune; for these are so graceful and imaginative that they deserve all the admiration they have received;' and taking up the book, she added, 'this last is especially beautiful.'

The Gentleman in Black again took the book, and read aloud the caption, 'Voices of the Deep:' he scanned the pages, and again threw the book on the table, saying, 'Doubtless these reflections were only surpassed by those pious meditations written 'on a Decayed Broom-stick!'

'My dear Sir, it may be that you are worthy of being the successor of Dean Swift, but I shall make but a poor Lady Berkley.'

'Ah! well Madam, since you object to the badinage of the Dean, you will not object I am sure if I say that the 'Voices of the Deep' are as fitting and as judicious a topic for the enforcement of pious thoughts as those I will select from so eminent and distinguished a philosopher and christian as Sir Robert Boyle.' So saying, he went up to the book-cases and took out one of the five folios of Sir Robert Boyle's works, edition of London, 1744, and commenced examining its contents, as if searching for a passage.

'My dear Sir, I am only acquainted with Sir Robert Boyle by his distinguished reputation, and am prepared to venerate all he may have written; nothing trivial can find a place I am sure in his works.'

'My dear Madam, I did not say there was; my remark only was as to the novelty of the idea of making such subjects the peg on which to hang religious reflections. Now let us see if Sir Robert has not something quite as clever as your divines of the present day. What do you say to this,' reading vol. 2, p. 164, 'Upon setting at ease in a coach that went very fast;' or this: 'Upon the sight of a fine milk-maid singing to her cow;' p. 184; or this: 'Upon drinking out of the brim of one's hat;' p. 205; or this: 'Upon my Lady R. R.'s fine closet?' p. 216. Shall I read you a passage or two, that you may see how fine ladies of the city and court of London amused themselves a century or two since, and what so grave a gentleman thought of them?'

'If you please,' replied Mrs. Smith. The Gentleman in Black read as follows: 'The embellishments that adorn and ennoble this delightful place are such, that I believe the possessor of them, as

welcome as she is to the best of companies, scarce ever looks upon finer things than she can see in her closet, unless she looks into her glass.'

'Upon my word!' said Mrs. Smith, 'I do believe you are making the book as you go on! Certainly Sir Robert never made such fine compliments as you have put into his mouth.'

'Here it is,' said the Gentleman in Black, 'all in the fairest type,' pointing to the page; 'but let me read you another passage, which shows his shrewdness and observation, and is a hint which some ladies of the present day would do well to adopt.' The Gentleman in Black read on: 'The collection is curious in its kind, and such as if the mistress of it were less handsome than she is, might give her, as well cause to be jealous of these fine things, as to be proud of them, since a beauty that were but ordinary could but divert a spectator from objects which are not so.'

'Really,' said Mrs. Smith, 'if *this* were to be the rule of furnishing our saloons, what would be the style adopted by my especial friends, the Van Tromps! Indeed, I fear Sir Robert would find but few such closets, as he calls them, in our Babylon the Less.'

'If, Madam, there were but one, that were all your own,' replied the Gentleman in Black, in the most amiable manner.

Mrs. Smith looked very sweet upon the Gentleman in Black, who hid his emotion by reading on: 'I can readily believe that Lindenmere, (the friend with whom Sir Robert is holding his imaginary conversation,) has wit and amorousness to make him find it more easy to defend fair ladies than to defend himself against them.' The gentleman, pausing, looked into the very depths of the lady's lustrous eyes, which now in their turn fell before the burning glance and rested on her swelling bosom, in beautiful consciousness of her attractiveness.

'But,' said the Gentleman in Black, 'here is a meditation which must come home 'to the business and bosoms' of the gastronomers of the great city of Babylon the Less.' Turning to page 219, he read: 'Upon the Eating of Oysters.'

'Indeed!' exclaimed Mrs. Smith; 'certainly he must be a real JACQUES, who can find 'sermons in stones, books in running brooks, and good in every thing.'

'It must be confessed,' said the Gentleman in Black, in his usual quiet way, 'there are few things more palatable than the oysters which Florence serves up in the shell, with the usual condiments of ground cracker, cream and butter.'

'Pray what does Sir Robert say of eating oysters? He has opened upon a subject unusually rich.'

'Sir Robert, it seems, has a great abhorrence of the eating of oysters raw. He does not think it less barbarous to eat raw flesh than raw oysters, and he would class that most lovely and simple-hearted of all wise men, Isaac Walton, with cannibals; for he, you no doubt will recollect, recommends us, in the eating of oysters, having carefully coaxed them to the opening of their shells, '*to tickle them to death with our teeth!*' But I will read you what Sir

Robert says of eating oysters raw : ' This is a practice, not only of the rude vulgar, but of the politest and nicest of persons among us, such as physicians, divines, and even ladies, who scruple not to destroy oysters alive, and kill them, not with their hands or teeth, but with their stomachs ! where, for aught we know, they begin to be digested before they make an end of dying ! ' '

' Really this is an excess of sympathy,' said Mrs. Smith ; ' I wonder the subject has never been taken up and considered by the ' Society for the Suppression of Cruelty to Animals.' Sir Folwell Buxton should not overlook this class in his attempts to right the wrongs of the wretched.'

' Here the excellent philosopher,' continued the Gentleman in Black, ' goes on to contrast the brutishness of cannibals with the refined society of his day ; but I fear it may not please you to hear it.'

' Oh ! do not ask me to believe any thing Sir Robert Boyle has written can offend me ; that would be an excess of refinement which I should deem it doubtful taste to entertain.'

' With your permission then I will read on : ' As the highest degree of brutishness, our travellers mention the practice of the Sol-davians, at the Cape of Good Hope, who not only eat raw meat, but if they be hungry, the entrails and all of their cattle. I will not answer that I know several among us, (and some fair ladies too,) that to prevent the scurvy or the gout, do worse things ; nor that women do themselves often take parmacetti inwardly, though the Latin name (spermaceti) sufficiently declares what excretion of a whale it is believed to be ; nor that, under the name of Album Græcum, a vile excrement is commonly given to patients of all sorts and qualities, against sore throats : nor will I mention that in Holland it is usual, as I have seen myself, to mingle sheep's ordure with their cheeses, only to give them a color and a relish. But I will rather demand how much less we do ourselves than what we abominate in savages, when we devour oysters whole ; nay, when not for our physic, but only for delicacies, our courtiers and ladies themselves are wont to make a sauce for their lobsters of that green stuff, which is indeed their ordure. And to these I could add other examples —'

Here Mrs. Smith leaned forward and put her pretty hand upon the page, and exclaimed : ' This is worse than ' *OFILA on Poisons*, ' or Accun's ' *Death in the Pot*. ' Heavens ! how happy it is for us that our pharmacœpia is purged of such horrid remedies !'

' Is it ? ' said the Gentleman in Black.

' I hope so ; but be it as it may with others, I am determined myself to take only the globules of the Homeopathist. If I am to swallow nauseous medicines, they shall be in infinitesimal doses.'

' Ah ! here are reflections,' exclaimed the Gentleman in Black, (p. 225,) ' which promise something attractive : ' Upon the Shop of an ugly painter well stored with pictures of handsome ladies.' Shall I read ?'

' Indeed,' said the lady, ' you have so surprised me that I am



doubtful if it be safe for me to hear any more from so very quaint not to say so queer a writer. We ladies have suffered so severely in the matter of the oysters, that I am afraid to trust his pencil, lest his portraitures of those handsome ladies have more of shadow than light in them.'

'My dear Madam, I think,' casting his eyes down the page, 'you may risk a sentence or two, at least;' and so saying, he read on: 'Here is a deceitful shop of beauty——'

'Stop!' exclaimed Mrs. Smith; 'and is this your promising commencement?'

'Ah, do not be so ready to condemn!—let me proceed;' so he read on: 'where many that come but to wonder, meet with love; and even when they buy not what they like, pay their hearts for it.'

'Now that is very prettily said for so old a gentleman! Pray go on.'

The Gentleman in Black bowed and read on: 'The shop being so well furnished that beauty seems here to have assumed all the variety of features and complexions she can be dressed in, and so exquisitely to have fitted all gazers with proportionate and attractive objects, that nothing but an absolute incapability of love is here able to protect them from that passion, which not to resent among so many inspiring wonders, were one. If in these faces these originals equal the transcripts; if art have not flattered nature, and attempted more to instruct than to imitate her; and if the painter have not elected rather to have his pieces liked, than like, here are apologies for love, that not only pardons, but proselytes.'

'Indeed,' said Mrs. Smith, 'I forgive the old gentleman for all his discourteousness in the matter of the oysters, and would seal his pardon with a kiss if he were but here.'

Now I must say to my lady readers, it is very provoking for them to say such things of old men and dead men when living ones are so near them; and so thought the Gentleman in Black.

'And what will you confer on the gentleman who has made you acquainted with so many graceful compliments?'

The lady shook her head, and the Gentleman in Black relieved her of his implied request by reading on: 'I must add, *that there are more suns than one, whose brightness, even by reflection, can dazzle*; there are princesses more illustrious for the blood that lightens in their cheeks than for that which runs in their veins, and who, like victorious monarchs, can conquer at a distance and captivate by proxy.'

The Gentleman in Black looked tenderly at the lady, closed the book with a sigh, and replaced it on the shelf.

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FRIENDS: FROM THE FRENCH.

LIKE melons, in life's adverse hour,  
Are friends in whom we would confide;  
Of fifty, all but one are sour,  
And that we cut before 't is tried!

## S O N G .

AIR: 'WHEN WE WENT OUT A GIPSYING.'

Thou hast a voice, young maiden fair, like one I used to hear,  
 Whose well-remembered dulcet tones fell on my heart and ear,  
 Like music's breathings soft and sweet, and grateful to the mind,  
 Or like a breeze o'er summer flowers, that leaves a charm behind;  
 Then speak again, dear EMILY! and be it yes or no,  
 'T will seem the voice I used to love, 'a long time ago.'

And then, thou hast the grace and air of one yet still more dear,  
 Who, at thy age, gave heart and hand to me for life's career;  
 Whose beauty, genius, faith, and love, and truth unfaltering too,  
 Were all mine own through happy years, then faded from my view;  
 And while enshrined in memory, these gifts 't was bliss to know,  
 Thou wakest dreams of pleasures passed, 'a long time ago.'

Then 'Blessings on thee, gentle maid!' shall be my fervent prayer;  
 May'st thou of love, and hope, and joy, possess unfailing share!  
 Thy life, now just an opening flower, oh! may no timeless frost  
 E'er nip its beauty or its bloom, or find its fragrance lost!  
 And thou wilt be to me a friend — say, shall it not be so?  
 Recalling scenes beloved and lost, 'a long time ago.'

Richmond-Hill, Ontario Co., N. Y.

Z. BARTON STOUT.

## P L A Y I N G O N O N E S T R I N G .

MUSICAL critics affect a contempt for artists who court popular applause, in imitation of Paganini, by playing on one string. But all great men have been one-string performers; and it was by this method alone that the great *maestro* gained his fame and fortune. In no other manner can the world be prevailed upon to shell-out its praises and pennies. The keen-eyed world is very justly suspicious of the prodigy who beats a drum with his elbows while his hands are engaged with a pair of cymbals, and his lips discoursing with a pandean pipe. Too many cooks are not more certain to spoil the broth than too many broths to spoil the cook. The admirable Crichton has had the reputation of being a many-stringed performer, but as he left no evidence of his greatness behind him, we have always suspected him of being little better than an admirable humbug. The world has yet to see the genius who excels in two things. The division of labor began in the beginning: Tubal Cain was a worker in brass, but his brother was a musician. They perceived in those early days that life was short, though it was something longer than at present, a few hundred years or so; and discovered the necessity of every man confining himself to one business. They saw that dates and figs never grew on the same tree, and wisely inferred that the human plant was intended to bear but one kind of fruit. One of the surest indications of a small genius

is an aptness for every thing. Jacks-of-all-trades are proverbially good at none. People who are every thing in 'one revolving moon,' remain nothings all their lives.

There is a division of genius as of labor. The *faits accomplis* of the moral world form a piece of mosaic, but the *faits* of which it is composed are jewels by themselves, not worthless bits of color which are only valuable when set. Unless a character will shine by itself it is not worth setting in the great mosaic work of history. There are no vari-colored jewels. The diamond, the ruby, the emerald, each has a hue of its own. But stones of lesser value are parti-colored. There are some seeming exceptions to this rule; Michel Angelo, Da Vinci, Goëthe, Sheridan and Scott. But these are only seeming exceptions; they were emphatically one-string performers. Leonardo Da Vinci came the nearest to a many-string player of any man in history. But in spite of his music and mathematics, the world knows him only as the painter of the Last Supper and of the Logos. Michel Angelo was nothing as an artist (do n't be alarmed!) in the sense in which Titian and Phidias were artists. He had tremendous thoughts, and he employed the plastic arts to give them expression, as Dante would have done if he had not been gifted with the greater faculty of language. A sentence of Dante or Milton will produce as stupendous an image as Saint Peters. They worked in words, but Michel worked in stone and plaster. The two capacities of expression have never yet been greatly held by the same individual. Moore said of Sheridan, 'He touched every string of the lyre and was master of all,' or something to that effect. But he was master of none, and only clever on one. It is not easy to say from which he drew the loudest sound. The mocking-bird can imitate the notes of all other fowls, but he has no music of his own; his genius lies in mimicry, not in music. The great Newton said there was no such thing as genius; labor did all. But he was careful to attempt nothing for which his genius did not qualify him. He discovered the centre of gravity with ease, but he might have labored his life-time without discovering the centre of wit, which his contemporary Swift did without labor. Those philosophers who believe in Newton's saying, should attempt to play like De Meyer or plead like Webster. Probably they will say they could if they should try; as the clown said he did n't know whether he could play on the violin as he had never tried.

There is no universality of genius; all men have an appointed use, and the great cause of distress in the world arises from men not being put to their proper employment. Social laws make mongrels of men. If every one had his appointed place, life would be like a 'roundelay that's sweetly played in tune.' Two of a trade would then always agree, and we should have one proverb less. Men exactly adapted to their employments are now so rare that when one is found he is reckoned a prodigy. It requires a *bouleversement* to produce a batch of heroes, because when society is shaken up men naturally fall into their right places. The three great revolutions brought out Cromwell, WASHINGTON and Napoleon. But for the

shaking up in France, what a host of immortals would have remained in the obscurity of coopers' shops and cafés, and instead of having statues erected in their honor, would have been buried without the compliment of a head-stone! The chance of a man being born into the situation which he is best qualified to fill is one to a million. Genius sometimes breaks his shackles, but it is melancholy to think of the mute Miltons of whom we have never heard. Poverty is not the only bar to distinction; on the contrary, men of rank generally rise from the ranks. The poor are without restraint; they may rise if they can; but the rich have generally the dead weight of a pre-determined occupation tied to their heels. It is often a misfortune to be born in what are called fortunate circumstances. The road to ruin generally lies through the demesnes of a rich father. If there have been Giffords confined in a stall, there have also been cobblers cribbed in colleges. Many an inglorious wearer of a crown might have been respected as the wearer of an apron. Louis XVI. would have made an excellent pastry cook, and George the Fourth, instead of being despised as a king, might have won universal respect as a barber. President—but 't is too soon to talk of presidents. We are surprised at seeing a man do a variety of things, but we are not instructed. Versatility is but a synonyme for mediocrity. One art is enough for one life. By doing one thing with constancy and affection we inevitably do it well, provided it be the one thing which we most desire to do. Men are slaves who labor in an ungenial sphere, though they eat their own wages, but Plautus was a freeman when he wrote comedies, though his master took his hire. Authors are sometimes admonished, particularly in this country, where men are pretty certain to starve by authorship, to secure some certain means of subsistence before venturing in their 'dreadful trade.' But why authors should be advised in this way more than other men is not easily discovered. Those who embark in literature with such precautions, will be very certain of needing some other reward than their authorship will bring them. A physician who should think of securing an income by preaching, that he might the more safely practice in his profession, would be about as likely to meet with success as an author who should commence business as a jobber to enable him to compose a history or a poem. Let the jobber stick to his merchandise and the author to his books; they will both do better for being kept apart. The majority of mankind have healthy bodies and sound minds, and are supposed to be capable of any thing. They stay where they are put, and only aim to make themselves comfortable; if they are behind a counter it is well; if in the pulpit or at the bar, it is all the same. They die and make no sign, and leave the world as they found it. They are not performers on one string, nor indeed, performers at all. What do they perform? They are the people, not individuals. Sometimes half a dozen of them are swallowed up under one short name, as Brown and Co.; three or four of the same family are often deemed of so little consequence as individuals that they designate themselves simply Jones Brothers, or Smith and Sons; or collateral branches of the same

family may be included under the firm of Cripps and Nephews. Then we encounter a string of them who wish to preserve their individuality and tie their names together after this fashion: Wilkins, Tomkins and Watkins. But what Wilkins? what Tomkins and Watkins? Nobody can tell. Again we meet with a near approach to an individual. Two men find it convenient to make a union of forces, but one of them wishes to preserve his identity, so he calls himself P. Q. Davis and Winkle. In a little time and even P. Q. Davis will be lost in the mass, and there will be nothing left of him but his virtues which will be heard of for the first time by the stone-cutter.

Shakspeare was a player on one string; ah! and what a performer! Dryden, like Sheridan, touched every string of the lyre, and was hardly master of one. He wrote forty odd plays, not one of which is either acted or played at this day. The late Stuart Newton used to tell an amusing story about one of his pupils whose father had an ambition that he should become an artist. The boy had worked dismally enough for a week with his chalk, when the painter found him in tears; on being asked the cause of his grief, the victim of misdirected ambition replied, 'I do n't want to be a hartist; I wants to be a butcher!' Fortunately for this young hopeful he had fallen into merciful hands; and now, instead of being a miserable spoiler of canvass, he may be a happy retailer of joints in Clare market. He may be an alderman; an honor which no artist has ever attained to, though many butchers have; it being an universal rule in municipal affairs, that the lowest employments produce the best legislators and magistrates.

Men fritter away their lives with us in attempting to do every thing, and therefore we have produced fewer great men in proportion to our population than any other civilized people. The majority of our prominent politicians come from the slave states; they nearly monopolize the highest national offices, and that part of the country has become a nursery for statesmen, because it is there alone that they make a profession of politics. They have nothing else to do, or nothing that they choose to do; and at the North we become more familiar with the names of Southern representatives from their continual repetition in the newspapers, than we ever do with our own, who rarely go to Washington a second time. At the North men are elected representatives by accident; at the South it is different; there they play on one string and find their account in it. Nobody can afford to twang on one chord, or blow one note long, here. The lawyer is writing sermons, the divine is preaching politics, the merchant is delivering lectures, the artist has turned philosopher, the mechanic is talking about agriculture, the jobber speculating in real estate, and the farmer dabbling in stocks instead of improving his stock. Every body must become acquainted with every other body's business. This all happens from people engaging in business with their hands alone, as some people marry and then try for a divorce, and not with their hearts.

Hazlitt wrote an essay on the ignorance of the learned, which

sounds paradoxical. But the learned always must be ignorant on subjects which they do not perfectly understand. It is the smatterer only who knows a little of every thing—is well instructed in nothing. Nobody need be ashamed of his ignorance; in truth, ignorance is highly creditable, provided always that one knows something thoroughly. But it is the prevailing fashion in society for every body to resemble a 'Conversations Lexicon,' one of those pestiferous inventions for promoting shallowness among mankind, and be always ready to go off like a revolving rifle.

Men who take their degrees at colleges are often reproached by your many-string performers with knowing nothing but book-learning, which is generally true enough; but then what they do know they know well, and so they contrive to gather a good many of the honors which the world bestows upon its favorites.

There seems to be a fear among us that something or other in the great plan of our economy will be neglected; and men are continually busying themselves about other people's affairs, to the manifest disadvantage of their own. But it is very certain that among our twenty millions there are people enough to attend to every department, and the true way to discharge one's public duty is to see that one thing is well done. The banker may confine himself to his desk in perfect security that the butcher and baker will furnish his food if they are only let alone; the artist may stick to his studio and the cobbler to his last without any fears for the future; the farmer and the tailor will see that there is no lack of food and raiment. The greatest famine ever known in France was when the National Convention undertook to supply the people with bread; and they have just abandoned the corn laws in England because they found that taking such especial care to supply the people with food had brought them to a state of starvation. Take no heed of what others are doing, but be sure to do something yourself; then you may grow like the lilies of the valley, and be as well cared for.

I knew a merchant a few years since who was in continual tribulation about public affairs, who used to spend a good many hours in writing essays, which he would sign 'Humanitas,' or 'Philo'-something, and send to a morning paper, which had the cruel courtesy to print them. Public affairs continued as usual, but his private affairs soon got into a dreadful condition, and he failed, and began to talk about his misfortunes. But his great misfortune was attempting to play on more than one string.

It is really refreshing to mix with very humble people who earn their living by practising one art exclusively; what they know they know so purely, and can communicate their knowledge so clearly. Crispin, who sticks to his last, is an admirable critic compared with some multifarious geniuses who stick at nothing. A statesman of some note, who has filled an important diplomatic office, in his outset in life kept a small school in a rural district in Pennsylvania, where he fell in love with a daughter of the village barber, and proposed to marry her. The girl's mother flared up at the proposal, and flatly refused her consent. Her friends thinking that the school-



master's occupation, which has never been held in very high esteem in the Key-stone State, was the cause of her opposition, remonstrated with her and said, 'Who knows but the schoolmaster will be a merchant one of these days?' 'Oh, it is n't that,' replied the worthy lady; 'I could get over his profession, but he is such a fool!' And a fool he was to her, and by continuing to be a fool he got to be an ambassador.

Macaulay says, that to become a great poet you must first become a little child; which is contrary to the popular opinion, it being thought requisite even for a very small poet to be a monster of erudition. But the critic is right; only he might have said, that to be great in any thing you must be a little child, single-minded and pure-hearted; or in other words, a performer on one string. Poets in the 'cotton trade and sugar line' are very doubtful hybrids; their credit is as bad on 'change as on Parnassus.

There are many striking instances on record of success achieved by one-string players of very feeble powers. We read not long since, in the obitral corner of a newspaper, the account of a person's decease who was spoken of as 'an eminent and well known theatrical wig maker.' There are few persons who could have looked for fame while making theatrical wigs. But here was a gentleman who, by constancy and 'strict attention to business,' had become 'eminent and well-known.' Perhaps he had made investments in stocks, and owned a crimson pew in some fashionable Gothic church. Arkwright, again, not finding his tonsorial duties to his mind, very properly left off making wigs and took to making machinery; and by sticking to that business, gained a fortune and a title, and a place among the immortals.

Perhaps the most remarkable instance of success crowning the efforts of a very humble pursuit was that of Boswell, who immortalized himself as a toady. He confined his whole soul to one string, and never forgot himself for the space of half a second. He stuck to his one string with a devotedness worthy—we were going to say of a better object—but it was well enough; by sticking to it he made it an object to him. Macaulay, who said so sensible a thing just now about poets, wrote an ill-natured review-article to prove him a fool for his pains. But Boswell knew perfectly well what he was doing, and he defended his foolishness with the eloquence of a man 'terribly in earnest,' as they say. Mr. Macaulay certainly forgot this passage in the Hebridean tour, when he wrote his searching review of Mr. Croker:

'My fellow traveller and I, (*Johnson*,) talked of going to Sweden,' says Boswell; 'and while we were settling our plan I expressed a pleasure in the prospect of seeing the king. Johnson said: 'I doubt, Sir, if he would speak to us.' (*Mark the modesty of Ursus Major, who never thought of the king, because he was a king himself and not a toady.*) Col. Macleod said: 'I am sure Mr. Boswell would speak to him. (*Of course he would; 't was his business.*) Here let me add,' continues the immortal toady, 'a short defence of that propensity (*toadying*) in my disposition to which this gentleman alluded. It

has procured me much happiness. I hope it does not deserve so hard a name as forwardness or impudence. If I know myself, it is nothing more than an eagerness to share the society of men distinguished either by their rank or their talents, and a diligence to attain what I desire. If a man is praised for seeking knowledge, though mountains and seas are in his way, may he not be pardoned whose ardor in the pursuit of the same object leads him to encounter difficulties as great? Of course he may be pardoned and praised too. This passage lets a flood of light upon the mysterious meanness of Boswell's character. He was a toady upon heroic principles. He played on his one string with a prophetic eye to the renown of his performance.

'Act well your part' is superfluous advice; you will be sure to act your part well if it *is* your part. All the danger lies in attempting to act a part which belongs to another.

HARRY FRANCO.

M I G N O N ' S   S O N G .

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

BY ANNA BLACKWELL.

I.

Know'st thou the land wherein the citron blows,  
'Neath dusky leaf the golden orange glows;  
A gentle wind from the blue heaven breathes,  
The myrtle still and high the laurel wreathes?  
Know'st thou it well?

O there! O there!  
Would I with thee, O my beloved! repair.

II.

Know'st thou the house? its roof the pillars bear,  
There shines the hall, the chamber glimmers there,  
And marble-figures stand and look on me;  
'What have they done, thou poor child! unto thee?'  
Know'st thou it well?

O there! O there!  
Might I with thee, protector mine! repair.

III.

Know'st thou the mountain and its bridge of cloud?  
There seeks the mule the path that vapors shroud;  
In hollows lurk the serpent's ancient brood,  
There falls the rock, and over it the flood:  
Know'st thou it well?

O there! — for there  
Goeth our way — Father! let us repair!

## THE CHAIN OF THE FOE.

THERE 's a name on the page of our country's proud story,  
 Accursed where the hearth-fires of liberty glow ;  
 'T is the name of the traitor who to gold yielding glory,  
 Would have given our land to the chain of her foe.

The grandsire grasps sternly the brave sword he weareth,  
 While bright in his eye gleams the patriot flame ;  
 And the child shrinks appalled at the sound when he heareth  
 The name in our history written in shame.

And the mother folds closer the babe she 's caressing,  
 And breathes o'er its young head a prayer soft and low,  
 To the BEING who gave to her people a blessing,  
 Who delivered her sons from the chain of the foe.

Oh ! false to its trust, and the proud soil that bore us,  
 Was the heart that could doom us to bondage again ;  
 But we fought for our homes, and a just God was o'er us,  
 To save us from Tyranny's scourge and her chain.

Would ye ask *who* for gold bartered country and glory,  
 Who, base, would have yielded our land to her foe ?  
 It is ARNOLD the Traitor ! accursed in story,  
 Wherever the hearth-fires of liberty glow !

M. E. HEWITT.

New-York, March, 1846.

## THE SAINT LEGER PAPERS.

## NUMBER TEN.

I AWOKE very early in the morning, notwithstanding the fatigue of the previous day. I lay for some time in a dreamy reverie, revolving every incident which had occurred to me since I entered the Highlands. Then my thoughts strayed back to Warwickshire, to my home in 'Merry England ;' and a chill came over my spirits when I thought how far I had wandered, and where I was. I asked myself what had brought me hither ; a youth, little acquainted with the world, making a tour of pleasure to this wild and almost inaccessible region ; how strange the conceit — how singular the motive ! And then that same pale-faced Destiny which so often haunted me, whispered that *something* should come to pass in this island which would tell heavily upon my future : what it was, I dared not surmise. Was I then at the wished-for spot ? Was the hour so soon at hand ? My mind rallied under these exciting thoughts, and not caring for longer repose, I rose, leaving Hubert still sleeping, repeating as I arranged my dress the words of Prospero :

' Now does my project gather to a head ;  
 My charms crack not ; my spirits obey ; and time  
 Goes upright with his carriage. How 's the day ?'

As I had no 'dainty Ariel' to answer my question, I stepped boldly out to see for myself. The morning had just dawned, and the rays of light emerging from the east were fast extending over the horizon. None of the inhabitants of the village were as yet visible; so I stood upon the lofty Hirta solitary and alone! I walked at first toward the sea, keeping to the south of where we had landed. Here I had a good view of the whole north-eastern part of St. Kilda. How grand, how terribly impressive, was the scene! On all sides, so far as my view extended, the island was girt about with an immense perpendicular breast-work of solid rock, to look down whose toppling height the head swam, and the brain grew dizzy. Defying storm and wind and ocean, ages upon ages it had stood a representative of earth; an outer sentinel, successfully resisting the enemy; casting back triumphantly the waves which sought to overwhelm it, and defying the utmost fury of the tempest! During every change of season, day and night, while its inhabitants slumbered, and while they were awake, the towering cliffs of Hirta stood unshaken and immoveable!

After surveying for a time this impressive scene, I turned back to the village. My first impulse was to call Hubert, and propose to him an immediate exploration of the whole island; on second thoughts I determined to go by myself. I had got from the steward a general idea of the different localities, and as the island was but some three miles long, and only two broad, I had little fear of losing myself. Taking therefore a full survey, and ascertaining as near as I could the points of compass, I took my course nearly west, as the prospect was more inviting in that direction, and appeared less obstructed by hills, which in some parts of St. Kilda rose to an immense height.

Proceeding about a mile, I encountered one of these elevations, which by dint of extra exertion I soon passed, and descended from the other side into a most delightful valley, and found myself within half a mile of the ocean. I followed a small winding rivulet which flowed through the valley until it emptied itself into the sea. Here the soil was most exuberant; the ground was covered with an almost infinite variety of the richest plants, including the white and red clover, the daisy, crowfoot and dandelion, and plantains of every sort. I was surprised to find a spot of so much beauty where I had expected to see only rude and uncultivated hills, or bleak rocks and waste ground. I stood near the edge of the shore, for where the stream fell into the sea there was some appearance of a landing-place; indeed the steward had told me that on the north-west part of the island there was a spot where the inhabitants, when forced to so dangerous an experiment, made shift to put in, and I believed from his description that this was the place. So much however was I enchanted by the exquisite beauty of the little valley through which I had strayed, that I turned away from the bold and magnificent view of rocks and ocean to gaze upon it; and so abstracted did I become in my contemplation, that I did not notice that a boat had in the mean time approached the shore, and was attempting to

land. Not caring to be seen by those on board, I stepped aside and took a position where I could have a fair view of them, without being observed. There were but three persons in the boat, two of whom managed the craft while the third steered. From the distance at which I stood, they did not appear to be inhabitants of St. Kilda, and apparently they were not fishermen.

As the boat approached the shore, it was hid from view by some rocks which were in this way brought between me and it. I still kept my position, and awaited the issue of what now looked very likely to turn out an adventure. After several minutes I perceived two of the party clambering up a steep ledge, some distance below me; and on reaching the top, proceed in an opposite direction from where I was standing, and consequently not in a way to gain the village. My curiosity was now fully aroused; so I followed slowly after, carefully keeping out of sight, yet endeavoring not to lose track of my men. I kept on in this way for some five minutes, when they disappeared behind the cleft of a huge rock, and I saw them no more. I walked cautiously on till I passed the rock in question, but found no one; I still persevered, but without discovering any one, and was on the point of giving up the chase, when I noticed a small grotto, partially in ruins, the walls and part of the roof of which were still standing, so as to afford sufficient protection from storm and bad weather. Through an aperture on the side toward me, I beheld the figures of two or more persons, but could not decide whether they were those I had previously seen. I stole cautiously up till I reached the grotto, and looked in. I saw two persons; the one whose face was toward me was a beautiful girl, apparently about nineteen; she was engaged in earnest conversation with a man, whose countenance I could not see. The girl was considerably above the medium height; she wore a Spanish mantilla, richly ornamented, which was thrown entirely back, displaying a face of great beauty; very dark, deep, passionate eyes, and a mouth expressive both of intellect and voluptuousness. Her hair, which was black, was parted plain across her forehead, and exquisitely braided and secured behind by a ring and arrow of gold. The man—but I need not describe him, for as he turned partially round I saw his side-face, and perceived that it was—*Vautrey*!

I stood petrified with astonishment. I could not believe the evidence of my own senses. I began to think I was dreaming, and that I might presently awake and find myself upon the bed in the minister's dwelling. But no; this could be no illusion. I could not mistake; the scene before me was real; and at the risk of being discovered, I leaned forward to get a better view of the parties; as I did so, these words met my ear:

‘Remember, Count, this is the last time!’

‘Unless, Signora, you can be persuaded to change your mind,’ was the reply of Vautrey, in a tone so soft and so insinuating that I scarcely recognized it.

‘Never, so help me Heaven!’ exclaimed the girl, impetuously; ‘I cannot, *do not*, WILL NOT love you; and you shall no longer per-

secute me! What if my father knew of these meetings? What if he knew that you had come hither after what he has so fearfully sworn?

'What if he did?' interrupted Vautrey, in his natural sneering tone; 'what if he *did*? Is the Woodallah *my* keeper?'

'Enough!' returned the girl, with dignity; 'enough! such a tone and such an answer best become you. We part,' she added, as she turned to leave the grotto, 'never to meet again in this way.'

'Not thus, not thus!' replied Vautrey, in a soft, insinuating tone; 'you must not, you cannot leave me thus! Remember what we *have* been to each other. Have you forgotten the season spent in Genoa? Do you never think of Naples?'

'Never without a shudder, Vautrey,' replied the girl, for the first time calling the Count by name; 'and it is despicable in you now to allude to the past. Away! I despise you!'

A bitter exclamation escaped the Count at this retort. He raised his finger in a menacing attitude: 'Leila,' said he, 'though a woman, you may provoke my vengeance. Beware!'

A woman derides your vengeance, Count, even while you threaten it!' said the maiden, scornfully; and so saying, she turned again to depart. I stepped hastily back in order to escape observation; but as I turned, I met a pair of wild, sharp-looking, piercing black eyes glaring intently upon me from behind a thick clump of low bushes, with a gaze so fixed, that it seemed to belong to some spirit of darkness. As may be supposed, at the first sight of this unlooked-for apparition, my blood ran cold; a shudder came over me, but I was not daunted, although completely surprised and shocked. It was evident that I had been noticed; yet I was determined to be cool. Keeping my eye therefore boldly on this strange being, I slowly made good my retreat. The savage, as I took him to be, moved not, stirred not, till I was about disappearing, when he made a significant gesture toward the grotto, nodded his head, and waved his hand impatiently, as if to hasten me away. I did not need such a hint, but making what speed I could, I turned back the way I came, nor did I slacken my pace until I came in sight of the village.

At the door of the minister's dwelling I met Hubert, who exclaimed, 'Thank God, St. Leger, you are safe! Pray tell me where you have been, and what has happened to you? I missed you when I first woke; we have inquired at every house, or rather hovel; have searched at the landing-place, and every where else, and I had begun to be seriously alarmed. Now, cousin William, this *was* unfair to steal away from me, and take the first survey alone! But confess, confess; something *has* happened, I know. What have you seen? Come, out with it!'

'I have seen Vautrey!' said I, slowly; and thereupon I related to Hubert minutely all that had occurred that morning. I had determined to do this, although I was first tempted to keep the matter to myself; but I thought it was not treating my cousin with the ingenuousness he deserved. Hubert looked very serious for a moment; then his boyish love of adventure got the better of every



other feeling, and he clapped his hands together with delight: 'Now for something that's worth the chase!' cried he; 'now, Count Vautrey, have a care! We are no longer at Glencoe. Three in the boat!—we will match them! Christie is a host, of himself, and the two boys he has with him are no cowards. Yes, I *was* right; Vautrey is—yes, he *is*—the Devil! No embodiment, but very Satan! Come, St. Leger, here's a compact for you: the girl is yours, by right of discovery; beside, you have got a clue to that ever-to-be-remembered WÆDALLAH, which strengthens your title. But Vautrey, mark me, is *mine*, and you are not to interfere with me *there*!'

'You meditate no violence, Hubert!' I replied, alarmed by his emphatic tone.

'I am a Moncrieff!' replied my cousin, proudly, 'and can do no dishonor to my name. Is that not enough?'

'It is,' was my response; 'there shall be, as there ever has been, confidence between us.'

'We have said it,' cried Hubert; 'and now let us break our fast, for I have waited for you, and am hungry enough to devour a Solan goose alive. First let us satisfy our hunger, and then, come Vautrey, Wædallah, Circe, Syren, Caliban and the foul fiend!'

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CHAPTER FOURTEEN.

I MUST go back a little, to resume the history of my inner life. Bear with me, reader, who may have become more or less interested in the incidents of the last few chapters. Recollect our compact when, declining to part company with me, as I advised you many pages back, you ran the risk of suffering the penalty of a dull companionship, if you should not be able to sympathize in my feelings. Once more I give you an opportunity to say 'Adieu!'—once more I say, expect nothing but facts.

When Glenfinglas was struck down by Vautrey, my whole moral nature was strongly affected. Fearfully impressed by the malignant passions manifested by the latter, my soul instinctively sought refuge in God its CREATOR. Like an inexperienced child which has strayed for the first time out of sight of its parent, enjoying from its novelty every thing within its observation; till, frightened by some untoward occurrence, it runs hurrying back, oppressed and terrified, desiring only to be secure in those loved arms, never again to wander away; so it was with me: I poured out my heart unto God afresh; I prayed and was comforted. How happy was I in forming new resolutions for the conduct of my future! Earnestly did I pray to be guided aright; earnestly supplicate not to be abandoned to temptation. For a few days I enjoyed a serene peace of mind; then something like *ennui* began to take the place of it; then my old heart-pangs slowly returned, leaving their leaden load in the very centre of my young heart. Then I sought relief in my Bible and in prayer in vain; *and then again I ceased to pray*, seeking to cheer my spirits in a thousand exciting ways. The voyage

to St. Kilda had broken in so completely upon my former habits, both physical and mental, that good appeared likely to grow out of it. Yet I had no opportunity in such a voyage for reflection. But I did think sometimes. There were occasional texts of Scripture which would for weeks be ever present to my mind, and which in spite of me I could not help almost constantly repeating. I distinctly remember the following to have been among the number :

‘O EPHRAIM, what shall I do unto thee ?  
O JUDAH, what shall I do unto thee ?  
For your goodness is as a morning cloud,  
And as the early dew it goeth away.’

‘And the last state of that man is worse than the first.’

These solemn passages of scripture were at that time always in my mind. They stood out in my imagination like the hand-writing upon the wall. I felt condemned ; my former terrors revived ; my soul was in darkness. I found myself suddenly thrown back to my old ground. I had travelled through so many mental changes only to find myself again at the starting-place. In the mean time I began to understand the world something better. I saw pleasure and enjoyment in it. Sin, as did Satan, to be sure came also ; but there was gratification nevertheless. I now felt the seductive influence of the god of this world creeping slowly upon me. It was as yet only a foretaste of what I was to experience, but the poison had begun to work. The fiend Vautrey had roused strange feelings in my bosom. I hated him and despised him ; but with all that, I envied him. Yes, I envied him his knowledge of the world ; of life, and for all that he had seen and experienced. Beside, my soul longed for gratification, and I envied him for what he had enjoyed. So strictly had I dealt with myself that it seemed as if sinning ‘with a high hand’ would act upon my nature as a moral alterative, and prove of healthful influence. Like the convalescent who has been confined for weeks to a low diet, and who hankers for high-seasoned, rich-flavored food, even so I yearned after the flesh-pots of Egypt, longing ‘to roll sin as a pleasant morsel under my tongue.’ Alas ! what had become of all my good resolutions ; my enlarged plans for benevolent action ; my earnest desires to benefit my kind ; my rules for self-improvement ? How strangely vanished ! How suddenly forgotten !

‘How is the gold become dim !  
How is the most fine gold changed !’

was the lamentation of the prophet, and bitterly did I afterward take it up ! Bear in mind that I am inditing this history several years subsequent to these events. I speak of what I was, just as the result proved me to have been ; but I do not wish it to be understood that I came to an open avowed resolution to commit or to live in sin ; such nevertheless was my private secret conclusion, *kept secret even from myself* ; for the Arch Enemy, when he would most successfully enslave the soul, teaches his followers to adopt the christian rule :

‘Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth.’

Now that all has come to pass, I can write understandingly. As I have before said, I write for the young; for those whose sympathies are not yet quite destroyed. Hearken then, O youth! to my appeal. Read and reflect upon my history, and pray God it may prove to thee an instructive lesson; and may that lesson not have come too late!

Thus much at present of my inner life. It may appear inconsistent with what I write of my external. But again I repeat, the record is true.

## CHAPTER FIFTEEN.

AFTER we had breakfasted, Hubert and myself sat down to a protracted conference, rendered necessary, as we thought, by the report I had made of the extraordinary occurrences of the morning. In this conference we discussed matters of high importance. We had certainly many difficult questions to pass upon. In the first place, who *could* that beautiful girl be? What had sent her to this remote spot? Who was her protector? Then, what had she to do with Vautrey? what was Vautrey doing here? and who and how many were in his company? Such were the points canvassed over and over by us, but about which we could come to no satisfactory conclusion. I told Hubert frankly why I had been so inquisitive about the word 'Wødallah,' and we both agreed that the package of Aunt Alice might prove of much assistance to us. In the mean time we undertook to get all possible information from the missionary and the inhabitants of the island. Christie also was to be put on the scent, and his two followers if necessary; and thus the campaign commenced.

We spent part of the day in the company of the worthy Mr. David Cantyre, whose hospitality had been so freely tendered us, and who did all in his power to render our visit agreeable. From him we received a minute account of the island and its inhabitants, which would have afforded me at any other time abundant source of entertainment; but after the exciting events of the morning, I found it difficult to fix my attention upon any thing else. I forbore to question the minister about that which I most desired to know, until I had gained farther upon his intimacy. To this end I asked him about his own personal history; and, in order to draw him out, ventured to express my wonder that he should have consented to bury himself in such a remote spot, cut off from all intercourse with the world, and enjoying nothing like refined society, or the pleasant intercourse of friends. To this the minister replied, that no sacrifice was too great which the cause of CHRIST demanded; and that in the performance of his simple duties he derived a sweet satisfaction which to him was beyond all price. He then recounted much of his past life, gave an account of his first landing at St. Kilda, and of what he had done and hoped to do among the inhabitants. Altogether, the minister was a man to be loved and respected. And the contemplation of such a character might, under other circumstances, have conveyed to my mind most salutary impressions; but now nothing could divert me from the pursuit in which I was em-

barked ; and I do believe that nothing, not even the fear of everlasting perdition, would have forced me to abandon it. Hubert in the mean while had conferred with old Christie, and Christie had promised very soon to give us all the information we desired. His opinion was, that Vautrey, had taken possession of some one of the small rocky islands near St. Kilda, perhaps Boreray or Soay. He was told that a strange boat had been seen for two or three weeks past hovering about the island, and it was at first supposed when we landed that it belonged to us. Hubert communicated nothing farther to Christie, except his desire for immediate information ; and in such a case where, as the faithful old follower believed, the honor of his young master was at stake, to hear was to obey. The next day Hubert and myself set out on a tour of observation. We visited some of the prominent localities of the island. We climbed together the lofty Conagra, which rises with fearful abruptness from the head of the bay to a height of nearly six thousand feet, commanding from its summit a view of over one hundred and fifty miles in extent. From thence we took a survey of the entire coast. There was nothing which could be called a harbor belonging to the island, and but two places where it was even possible to land ; the first was near the village, and the other at the spot where I had seen Vautrey put in. The island was full of little cells or grottos, like the one before mentioned, which were evidently of great antiquity ; at least we could learn nothing of their origin, for none of the inhabitants could give us any information about them ; and Mr. David Cantyre, to his praise be it spoken, (in view of what I suffered from Mr. Alexander McLeod) was no antiquarian. In making our circuit, we came to the place of my previous adventure : we looked about over rock and valley, and into every secret nook, in hopes to discover something — we cared but little what — to throw light upon the strange scene I had witnessed. But our labors were fruitless. The grotto where Vautrey and the maiden had parted, was deserted, and nothing within betrayed that it was ever the trysting-place of lovers. We were both disappointed, and in consequence began to feel the fatigues of the day more sensibly. The route to the village would complete the circuit we desired to make ; so we returned home, wearied to be sure, but not discouraged. Full of resolution and youthful ardor, we retired to rest, determined on the morrow to continue the search.

## CHAPTER SIXTEEN.

WHAT a wonderful impression had Leila, (yes, that was the name Vautrey had pronounced) — made upon my heart ! Never had I beheld so beautiful a creature ; never before witnessed such grace, such exquisite perfection, such incomparable charms. I remembered with singular minuteness every look, and every expression, every feature and every lineament of her face ; and the more I thought of her, the more impatient I became to solve the mystery. A young maiden, dressed in a style becoming the most refined society, alone in St. Kilda ! Impossible ! Again, she was known to

Vautrey, and the Count had intimated in what he said to her that they had formerly been friends : how my blood boiled at the thought ! But it was very evident they were friends no longer. The more my mind dwelt upon this strange enigma, the more excited I became, until I resolved to speculate no farther, but await the result of our investigation. Hubert was up betimes the next morning and roused me. His determination to find Vautrey was after all occasioned, as I believed, more from a natural desire to solve the mystery of his presence at St. Kilda, than from any feeling of revenge for the old affront. Indeed, what to a youth of eighteen could be more exciting than an undertaking of this sort ? As Hubert had waived all interest in the beautiful Unknown, (not having beheld her, he could do so as I thought much more readily,) we made an equitable division of our labors, he undertaking with the aid of his followers to find Vautrey, 'dead or alive,' as he expressed it, and I agreeing, by no means unwillingly, to discover the 'fair maiden of the grotto.' Leaving my cousin to his plans, I set out once more to visit the delightful valley, which the minister told me bore the name of the 'Female Warrior's Glen,' from an amazon very famous in the traditions of the island. I was resolved this time to be thorough in my search, for I was sure that there must be a habitation of some sort near at hand. Nor did the result prove me mistaken ; for after traversing the valley in every possible direction, I went around a small ledge of rocks, which were apparently so near the coast that it had not occurred to me that there could be any considerable space beyond. I was much surprised therefore to discover a miniature valley or glen, remarkably beautiful, in the centre of which stood a small stone building.

This picturesque little spot was presented so suddenly to my view, that I stopped short in amazement, and was for a few moments lost in admiration of its beauty. Presently I beheld a man come from the hut, for it was little else, and leisurely advance a few steps, as if to take the air. Whether he saw me or not I could not tell ; at any rate, he took no notice whatever of my being present. Observing him closely, I perceived that the individual was a man past the prime of life, perhaps fifty years of age ; he was of middling stature, of rather spare habit of body, having a bold, prominent, but narrow forehead, thinly covered with light brown hair. What was remarkable, he was dressed with scrupulous exactness, and in every respect after the English style, and his garments were made in the fashion of the then present season. My resolution was soon taken : I resolved to accost the stranger. Walking toward him, I did what I could to attract his notice, but to no purpose ; the stranger's eyes were turned in every direction but toward me. It was not till I had come close upon him, that he recognized my presence. Begging his pardon for the interruption, I asked him the nearest route to the village.

'On your honor, young man,' said the stranger, 'have you lost your way, or has an idle curiosity brought you hither ?'

'Neither,' returned I, boldly ; 'but——'

'Pass on then, pass on! and annoy me not with the sight of my own kind. It is burthen enough to endure myself. Pass on, pass on! molest me no farther!' exclaimed the stranger, waving his hand as he spoke.

'I will not pass on,' said I, roused by his tone, 'till I have said what I have to say to you.'

'What sends you here?' interrupted the stranger, pettishly.

'*Destiny!*' returned I.

'Destiny!' muttered the other; and then continuing, as if to himself: 'To hear the world prate of destiny, as if destiny were a god to direct and control; 'destiny' forsooth! why, destiny *is what is.*' Then turning to me, he added, 'You rave, young man!'

I now narrowly examined the speaker. His appearance indicated the misanthrope; not the misanthrope by nature, but one who had been soured with the world, perhaps from good cause; one who might have endured the 'slings and arrows of outrageous fortune' until there was no sensibility left in his bosom; no, nothing but hate! I looked once more at the clear sharp outline of forehead, boldly developed, (though narrow,) the deep-set, expressive gray eyes, the dignified though slightly petulant air; and in all I saw—shall I say it?—some strange, mysterious resemblance to—*myself!* I paused—I trembled; I resolved on one more trial: 'In the name of all that you hold sacred, tell me,' I exclaimed, 'are you called the Wædallah?'

'*There is nothing I do hold sacred,* young man,' answered the stranger; 'you adjure me in vain! But if it will satisfy you to learn the fact, so that you will then leave me and pass on your way, I answer that I *am* called the Wædallah!'

'Stay one moment, and I have done,' I exclaimed, perceiving that this singular man was returning to his dwelling; 'stay one single moment!'—and drawing forth the little package with which Aunt Alice had entrusted me, I handed it to him without speaking, and awaited the effect it might produce. He took the parcel, examined the superscription without emotion, and proceeded to open it. When he beheld the ring, his countenance changed, first to deep red, then to deadly pale; his whole frame was convulsed, his limbs trembled, his lips quivered; he was evidently laboring under some agonizing emotion; but he recovered somewhat, and proceeded to read what was written. This done, he turned and looked at me with a gaze so earnest and so penetrating that I almost shrunk from it. As he looked, I thought I discovered a tear start in his eye; his countenance changed to an expression of deep melancholy: pointing toward the door of his dwelling, he said to me, in a low, indistinct tone, '*Enter!*'

I obeyed his direction, and on going in, found myself in a small, neatly-furnished apartment, in which was, among other articles, a well filled book-case, over which were suspended a musket and small-arms, a sword and several daggers. There was no one in the room: of this I took care to assure myself when I first entered; and despite the excitement of the moment, I felt disappointed. My



host pointed to a chair, and I sat down; he also took a seat beside me, and examined my countenance with searching scrutiny. As there was not the slightest appearance of impertinent inquisitiveness in his manner, I remained perfectly quiet, resolving that I would not be the first to break silence.

'It is even so!' exclaimed he, at length, as if communing with himself; 'it is even so; my eyes again behold a St. Leger; one of my own flesh and blood is before me; and although I have forsworn all, ay, every thing upon the earth, *and all above and all below*, yet since the race began, has never a St. Leger met a St. Leger face to face unacknowledged or uncared for, nor ever shall! But oh! why came you hither?'

As this interrogatory seemed addressed to me, I replied: 'Why I came I know not, nor can I give any satisfactory reason. I was about to spend some time in the Highlands, and as I was leaving Warwickshire, Aunt Alice put in my hands the package you now have. I have told you all.'

'Warwickshire!' exclaimed my kinsman; 'beautiful, lovely Warwickshire! its gentle Avon, its enchanting landscapes! Accursed be they,' muttered he, in a lower tone, 'now and forever! Did you leave all these, and to come *here*?'

'I did leave all these, and to come here,' was my calm reply. I was about to add something farther, when the door of the adjoining apartment opened, and the beautiful Leila stood upon the threshold!

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MOONLIGHT ON THE RIVER.

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BY JOHN H. REEYN.

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I.

BEFORE us the River is flowing,  
In the soft balmy silence of Night,  
And o'er it the young Moon is throwing  
The beams of her quivering light.  
Now in shadow the waters run darkling,  
Where the hill rises high o'er the plain;  
But soon they are dancing and sparkling  
In the light of her glory again.

II.

And what though the breezes bring o'er her  
Deep clouds of a lowering hue,  
That spread their dark curtain before her,  
And hide her sweet face from our view?  
Oh! ne'er at her absence repining,  
Though shadows and gloom may abound,  
Behind them we know she is shining,  
By the silver that fringes them round.

Burlington, (Vt.,) January 25, 1846.

III.

Our River of Life is thus flowing  
Thro' a world overshadowed with night,  
And, evermore over it glowing,  
From above shines a soft blessed light.  
Though sometimes the waters run darkling,  
While a shadow rests over the soul;  
Soon again in its cheerfulness sparkling,  
To Eternity's ocean they roll.

IV.

And what tho' our LORD should bring o'er us  
The deep clouds of sorrow and wo,  
Should hang his thick curtain before us,  
And onward in darkness we go?  
Oh! ne'er at our trials repining,  
Though anguish and gloom may abound,  
Behind them we know HE is shining,  
By the love-light that circles them round.

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

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COUNT JULIAN; OR, THE LAST DAYS OF THE GOTH. A Historical Romance. By the author of 'Guy Rivers,' 'The Yemassee,' etc. Baltimore: WILLIAM TAYLOR AND COMPANY. New-York: WILLIAM TAYLOR.

WE have read a scrap of criticism somewhere, about something, by somebody, all of which we have forgotten now, excepting the critic's opinion of the author of 'Count Julian,' who was pronounced 'the most successful of American novelists.' This was probably true, as regarded the opinion of the critic himself, but very far from true as regarded that of the rest of the public. Individual opinion is of no more importance in affairs of this sort, than the precise relation which it may bear to the entire amount of opinion upon the same subject. COBBETT could see nothing in SHAKESPEARE to admire, and if the world were composed of COBBETTS, there would be nothing admirable in him. But there were subjects upon which COBBETT's opinion would be of greater value than that of any other man. A small magazine 'critic-ling' a short time since called CARLYLE 'an ass;' and the author of 'Count Julian,' in a long review of the writings of CORNELIUS MATTHEWS, declared, not as a matter opinion, but as a fact, that we had as yet produced no humorous writer in this country. He could not have been ignorant of the existence of WASHINGTON IRVING, an acknowledged classic in humorous literature; but he was right and honest in giving his opinion as he did, for it enabled his readers to put a just value upon his opinion, which he pronounced in an *ex-cathedrâ* manner, as though he were writing in the easy-chair of RABELAIS. But we do Mr. SIMMS an injustice: he did, we believe, say that the United States had produced *one* humorous writer; a southern gentleman whom he named. A writer in the 'Democratic Review,' commenting upon American humor, gave a list of two or three dozen of acknowledged humorous writers, but differed with Mr. SIMMS respecting the southern humorist, whom he had never read; and he was justified perhaps in assuming that the writer referred to was no humorist, since it was very clear that any body who was humorous to Mr. SIMMS could be so to nobody else. While opinions are forming, every body may contribute to the mass, without reproach; but when the conglomerated opinions of the world have taken a well-defined shape, the man is a dunce who thinks to produce a change in their form, and an ass for allowing the world to know that he is a dunce; and precisely of this character was the besotted driveller who called CARLYLE an ass; not because he entertained such an opinion of the illustrious author, but because he had not sense enough to keep it to himself. We are not in favor of any individual bowing his neck to the despotism of public opinion, and giving up the integrity of his own emotions. This would be flying to a still more objectionable extreme; but let him keep his emotions to himself when they differ

from the rest of the world, and have the modesty to think that he is less likely to be right than that all the rest of the world should be wrong. It would be quite as ludicrous for a deaf man to despise music, as it was for the blind courtier to fall into an ecstasy of delight at the beauty of a fish which he could n't see, when it was brought to the emperor for his admiration.

Novelists, poets, composers, and all other authors whose productions appeal to the feelings, may snap their fingers at critics and reviewers, for they can neither be written up nor written down. The public may be persuaded to adopt a false religion, or a false theory in political economy, as they have been often; but all the reviewers in Edinburgh and Westminster could not induce them to read a dull novel or to remember prosy poetry. The popularity of a novel is the only reliable test of its merit, and the opinion of a publisher on such a subject is worth more than the united judgments of MACAULEY and JEFFREY. It argues very ill for Mr. SIMMS, as a 'popular novelist,' that he is continually changing his publisher. It is a very suspicious sign for any author to come out from Cliff-street and end in Ann-street. The villanously dishonest law of copy-right existing in this country not only puts every honestly-inclined citizen to the blush, but it places the authors of the country in a degraded position which the authors of no other country ever occupied; and it is probable that many of those who are now compelled to skulk in suspicious quarters, would under honest laws be housed like monarchs. But an author who has the good luck to secure good quarters in the outset, must be deficient in the metal which commands success, if he be not able to keep them. There have been a good many original novels published in this country, but Mr. COOPER is the only author who can justly be called a 'popular American novelist.' A novel-writer who adds no new characters to fictitious history cannot be called popular. It is his province to create characters, and if he fails to do this, he fails utterly, though he may produce two or three romances yearly, like Mr. JAMES, or a dozen in as many years, like Mr. SIMMS. IRVING and COOPER are the only authors among us who have succeeded in adding to the population of the imagination. Not one of Mr. SIMMS' people is known by name. He and Mr. JAMES make use of the same materials; their characters, or rather their descriptions of character, seem to be borrowed from each other. The 'chiselled lips,' 'rich dark hair' clustering in ringlets over high foreheads, 'dark piercing eyes,' and-so-forth, constitute the sole materials of their personages. It is all outside; nothing within. There is more life in the sleeping beauty of a wax-work exhibition than in one of their people. How different the case is with a real author! Let us take DICKENS. It is hardly a month since the 'Cricket on the Hearth' began to chirp; yet TILLY SLOWBOY, who is not described at all, but only acts her small part in that small book, is already a historical personage; and Mrs. FIELDING, the 'genteel' mother of the gentle MAY is nearly as well known as the Mother of the Gracchi.

One of the most distressing defects of an author is a resemblance to some other author; for in reading one you cannot easily determine which he is, nor whether you have read him before or not; and at last the mind grows bewildered and perplexed, and you throw down the book with the kind of weariness you feel in being roused from a night-mare. There is a novel of Mr. JAMES and a novel of Mr. SIMMS lying on our table; let us make a random extract from each, and leave our readers to decide which is the elephant and which the rhinoceros:

'THE sky, which for near a month had been as calm and serene as a good mind, was covered over with long lines of dark gray cloud, heavy and near the earth; when a solitary horseman took his

station under a broad old tree upon the wide waste called Indian Flats, and gazed forth as well as the growing darkness would let him. It was a dim and sombre scene, unsatisfactory to the eye, but exciting to the imagination. Every thing was vague and undefined in the shadows of that hour, and the long streaks of deeper and fainter brown which varied the surface of the flats spoke merely of undulations in the ground, marking the great extent of the plain toward the horizon. A tall, solitary, mournful tree might be seen here and there, adding to the feelings of vastness and solitude; and about the middle of the plain, as one looked toward the west, was a small detached grove, or rather clump of large beeches, presenting a black irregular mass, at the side of which the lingering gleam of the north-western sky was reflected in some silvery lines upon what seemed a considerable piece of water. It was an hour and a place fit for sad thoughts and dark forebodings; and the horseman sat upon his tall powerful gelding in the attitude of one full of meditation. He had suffered the bridle to drop, his head was slightly bent forward, and his eye strained upon the scene before him; while his mind seemed to drink in from its solemn and cheerless aspect feelings as dark and dismal as itself. The horseman at length gently touched his beast with his heel, and made him move slowly out from under the branches of the tree. Scarcely had he done so, however, when the distant sound of a horse's feet was heard, as if coming at a very tardy and heavy pace from the west. The sound indeed would not have been perceptible at that distance but for the excessive stillness of all around, and the eagerness with which the traveller listened. His eye was now bent anxiously too upon the western gleam in the water, and in a few moments the dark figure of another man on horseback was seen against the brighter background thus afforded,' etc., etc.

Having looked on that picture, now look on this:

'It is toward the sun-set of a fine afternoon in the month of May; a rich summer sun of sufficient power even in the moment of his decline, to convert into tributary glories the clouds which gathered around him, threw over all the scene his incomparable splendors, burnishing the earth with hues as richly golden, if not quite so valuable in the estimation of mankind, as the wealth which lay concealed within its bosom. The picturesque guise of the solitude thus gloriously invested was beautiful beyond description; its charms became duly exaggerated to the mind when coupled with the consciousness that the hand of the mighty artist had been employed in the adornment of a prospect of itself totally uninviting and unlovely. The solitary pine that here and there shone up like some burning spire; the undulating hill, catching in different gradations of shade and fulness, in a like manner, from the same inimitable master, a similar garment; the dim outlines of the low and stunted shrubbery, sparingly distributing its green foliage over the picture, mingled here and there with a stray beam, dashed hurriedly as it were from the palette of the artist, presented to the eye an outline perfectly unique in itself and singularly characteristic of that warm *sadness* with which alone it could have been properly contemplated. At this point of our narrative a single traveller might have been seen emerging from the confines of the evening horizon, where the forest, such as it was, terminated the prospect. He travelled on horseback, the prevailing mode in that region,' etc. 'The animal he rode might have been considered, even in the west, one of choice parentage. He was large, broad-chested and high; and though exhibiting the utmost docility and obedience to the rein, proceeded on his way with as much ease and freedom as if he bore not the slightest burden on his unconscious back.' (We omit here a long description of the rider and a vast amount of particulars about 'chiselled lips' and 'clustered ringlets of dark brown.') 'Here our traveller fell into a narrow footpath, and being naturally of a musing and dreamy spirit, pursued unconsciously and without seeming observation, the way which it pointed out. His thoughts were seemingly in full unison with the almost grave-like stillness and solemn hush of every thing around him. The bridle fell at length from his hand upon the neck of his steed; and it was only when the noble animal, roused to consciousness by the seeming stupor of his rider, suddenly and absolutely came to a stand, that the youth grew aware of his precise situation.' (He wanders along until it has grown about as dark as it was in the first of these specimens, when a shrill whistle is heard in the forest, and soon after) 'Suddenly emerging from the wood, a man, who seemed to have been in waiting, abruptly stood before him, and directly in the path he was pursuing.'

The two books are mainly composed of such wearisome writing as the specimens given. They cannot be said to have any positive resemblance, but the likeness consists in a want of likeness to any thing; a certain expression of *nothingness*, not easy of description. Both writers abound in those interminable descriptions beginning thus: 'It was the close of such-and-such a day, when So-and-so might have been seen.' Of course any thing might have been seen, provided it was not too dark, and there was any body to see it; but this prelude of a 'might have been seen' generally leads to an inventory as minute and as unimaginative as a sheriff's advertisement of a sale by auction. Yet we will not do Mr. JAMES the injustice, lightly as we hold his later pen-and-ink works, to place him upon the same level with Mr. SIMMS, whose mistiness and pompous turgidity raise him above the heads of all modern novelists. Being not over-well versed in scientific matters, we would not assert, as a friend at our elbow has just affirmed, that 'No one can read one of Mr. SIMMS' essays, wherein he takes occasion to allude to himself, without thinking that he would become 'a burning and a shining light' if somebody could contrive to set fire to his

gas;' yet we may well assume that a better specimen of his peculiar brilliancy in this kind could hardly be found than in the dedication of 'Count Julian' 'to the Hon. JOHN P. KENNEDY, of Baltimore, Maryland.'

'In taking leave to use your name in connection with the present publication,' says Mr. SIMMS to his brother novelist, 'I presume still farther to address myself, through this medium, to other readers than yourself. You, I trust, will indulge me in this freedom; as, from your declared sympathy with the man of letters, and your own well-known and much-admired achievements in the same field; (*what field?*) achievements which you have but too prematurely forborne to follow up; (to 'forbear prematurely' is 'good!') you will easily understand how much the encouragement of the author depends upon the reader's sympathy, and how much the just decision upon his labors result from a correct knowledge of the circumstances under which he has toiled, and what have been his aims in the scheme of his performance.' The modeling of these sentences might serve as examples for the new Regent of the University. But letting all that go, we think that the writer attaches altogether too much importance to his 'aims' and 'circumstances,' about which his reader will care not a copper; nothing being of any importance to him but the result. But to proceed: 'To all those who would follow in the progress of an author's mind, through the successive steps and periods in his career; who are curious to note the stages by which he has advanced from one labor to another; there may be found in this brief letter of explanation something of equal interest and use.' Now if some of those giants in literature whose fame has been filling the earth while their bodies have been quietly crumbling to dust in the grave, could return to this life, could they speak in a more magnificent manner of their works than Mr. SIMMS does in respect to a romance which nobody will care a fig about a month hence? But we can pledge our word to 'all those who *would* follow in the progress of his mind,' that Mr. SIMMS' explanations will be found really of just *about* 'equal interest and use.' He goes on to inform 'all those,' etc., that the conquest of Spain by the Moors seized upon and influenced his imagination at a very early period. But whether it was at an early period of his own or the world's history, he does not particularly state. At the immature age of seventeen, he informs us, he 'planned the rude draught of a tragedy upon the subject. When reading law at nineteen, this performance was elaborated to completion; (Mr. SIMMS would not say that he finished his tragedy two years after he began it, for the world; oh, no; a tragedy must be 'elaborated to completion!') and its scenes and subjects shared my thoughts in a disproportionately large degree with CHITTY and BLACKSTONE. (Not a doubt of it; but we do n't exactly know what he means.) That in an early, and perhaps an evil hour, I left the latter for more congenial authorities in art, need not be wondered at, after this statement, as the simple fact need not now be more particularly insisted upon. (Not the least need of either; but we must insist that we never before knew that BLACKSTONE was any authority in art, save in the rascally art of 'making the worse appear the better reason.' But Mr. SIMMS' manner of expression is somewhat like the cockney's 'man-traps and other sweetmeats!') Mr. SIMMS says that his tragedy was offered to the manager of a theatre, (he does not say particularly where, but we may suppose somewhere in South Carolina,) accepted, put in rehearsal, and would have been performed, but for an accident which any of his friends could have foreseen would be likely to prevent such a consummation. Something or other went wrong behind the scenes, which was 'quite too offensive to his self-esteem to be endured patiently.' 'My

tragedy was withdrawn and quietly consigned to the closet ;' namely, at the age of nineteen, when reading law ! Conceive SOPHOCLES or SHAKESPEARE suffering an indignity at the hands of Mr. SIMPSON, and you will have a faint image of Mr. SIMMS' feelings. ' With a passionate fondness for the drama ; with a pressing conviction, not yet surrendered, that as a literary man, in this department of fiction lay my *forte* ; I was yet thoroughly satisfied that the day had gone by, or had not yet come, when it would be becoming in the man of pride and character, (' pride and character,' observe,) of sensibility at least, to present himself at the door of a manager, soliciting to be heard through this medium.'

Mr. SIMMS says some sensible things about the suicidal policy of the actor in putting himself before the author, and is willing to wait until he can have his tragedies performed without submitting to a sacrifice of his self-respect. We only hope that his patience may not give out. ' But,' he goes on to say, ' I was not to wait idly. There were other fields of exercise, and I availed myself of them to make my acquaintance with the public ; in what manner and with what degree of success is known to no one better than yourself. My books were favorably entertained, (we always thought it the province of books to entertain, not to be ' entertained,' but Mr. SIMMS' books may perhaps be considered as constituting an exception to this idea,) and after having repeatedly illustrated the history and peculiarities of my own people, in works of fiction, I began to turn my eyes to those of other lands, with the view to obtaining novelty in my materials.' All of which, and a good deal more of the same kind, is only a prelude to the fact, that for the sake of novelty in his materials, he drew his tragedy from the closet and worked up its subject, the most hacknied in romance, into two historical romances, namely, ' Pelayo' and ' Count Julian.' This was done so long ago as in the year 1836 ; a very memorable period in the history of every body alive at that time. ' Pelayo' was published, and a part of ' Count Julian' sent to the publishers, but got mislaid. It was looked up however, and after long and vexatious delays, published, and now ' stands before the world.' Well did the good Dr. CHANNING remark, that a natural, spontaneous style was an evidence of true genius ; while that swelling, pompous, ostentatious language which springs from an attempt to sustain a position above one's powers, was a substantial proof of the lack of the ' God-given gift.'

If any of our readers think we entertain hostile feelings toward Mr. SIMMS, or that we are disposed to underrate his merits because he is an American, and takes American subjects for his fictions, they do us a grievous wrong. His Americanisms alone have entitled him to our notice at all ; and we commend him, and indeed feel a degree of respect for him, that he has had the good sense to attempt the delineation of scenes and characters with which he is familiar, and which have therefore a certain *vraisemblance*, in spite of the envelopes of dry bombastic description which he winds about them, until they have hardly more life than an Egyptian mummy. The tales contained in ' The Wigwam and the Cabin,' an appropriate title for such a collection, are the best things which Mr. SIMMS has written, and give a favorable impression of his abilities. He continually mars his performances by the most melancholy attempts at waggery and by-play. But whoever looks for humor in Mr. SIMMS might as well look for a smile in the jaws of an alligator ; he is as incapable of humor as he is of perceiving that quality in others. Here is a specimen of his awful waggery, a something which we often see alluded to as ' *dry* humor.' He is describing a solitary rider, who ' might have been seen,' etc. :



'To those accustomed only to the modes of travel in a more settled and civilized country—with bag and baggage—the traveller might have appeared, but for a pair of moderately-sized twisted barrels, which we see pocketed in the saddle, rather as a gentleman of leisure taking his morning ride, than one already far from home, and increasing at every step the distance between it and himself. *From our privilege we make bold to mention, that, strictly proportioned to their capacities, the last named appurtenances carried each a charge which might have rendered awkward any interruption; and it may not be saying too much if we add, that it is not improbable, to this portion of his equipage our traveller was indebted for that security which had heretofore obviated all necessity for their use. They were essentials which might or might not, in that wild region, have been put in requisition; and the prudence of all experience, in that quarter, is seldom found to neglect such companionship.*'

These sly touches of very 'quiet' humor abound in Mr. SIMMS' stories; and one of his tales, 'Calayo, or the Loves of the Driver,' which we recognize as having once been submitted for insertion in the KNICKERBOCKER, we expected to find 'as full as an egg' of wicked jests, from the fact of his apologizing for 'a certain Flemish freedom of touch,' which he feared might subject him to censure from very fastidious persons. But to our unsophisticated mind it appeared as free from any thing like a 'freedom of touch' as a lawyer's declaration; and we have been puzzled to surmise what Mr. SIMMS can possibly mean by that expression. Flemish art, if we mistake not, is characterized by the most elaborate finish and exact detail; and Flemish wit is proverbial for its breadth and coarseness. We have heard of the 'kick of a Flanders mare;' perhaps this may be the kind of 'free touch' which Mr. SIMMS had in his thoughts. We intended to make a brief allusion only at this time to Mr. SIMMS' writings, reserving to ourselves the pleasure of a more comprehensive examination of his 'efforts at pretension,' to borrow one of his own expressions, on the appearance of his 'Views and Reviews of American Literature,' which we see announced as forthcoming in the 'Library of American Books.'

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NOTES OF A JOURNEY FROM CORNHILL TO GRAND CAIRO, by way of Lisbon, Athens, Constantinople and Jerusalem. By M. A. TITMARSH. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

READER, if you have been trying to peruse *any* work, native or foreign, in which you find the writer's ideas sparsely diffused through multitudinous words, lay down the book, we beseech you, and take up this sparkling, matter-full volume of THACKERAY'S. There is not a dull page in the whole compass of the book—not one. You have before you a *painter with the pen*. What he sees, you see; he thinks (how many wordy writers only *think* they think!) and you think *with* him. Nature, varied, multifarious nature, lives and breathes under the plastic influences of his facile hand. You never once doubt that there is any exaggeration, nor can you assure yourself that any additional touches of the brush could heighten the force of his pictures. Such is our impression of the qualities of Mr. MICHEL ANGELO TITMARSH'S book, which lies before us, almost every page of it dog's-eared, with pencil-marks striping the fair margin. A few of the passages indicated are all for which we can find place. Observe the pleasant manner of this good-bye to the craft of his first voyage of a week, which brings him to Gibraltar:

'In the week we were on board—it seemed a year, by the way—we come to regard the ship quite as a home. We felt for the captain—the most good-humored, active, careful, ready of captains—a filial, a fraternal regard; for the providore, who provided for us with admirable comfort and generosity, a genial gratitude; and for the brisk steward's lads—brisk in serving the banquet, sympathizing in handing the basin—every possible sentiment of regard and good will. What winds blew, and how many knots we ran, are all noted down, no doubt, in the ship's log; and as for what ships we saw—every one of them with their gunnage, tonnage, their nation, their direction whither they were bound, were not these all noted down with surprising ingenuity and precision by the Lieutenant, at a family desk at which he sat every night before a great paper, elegantly and mysteriously ruled off with his large ruler? I have a regard for every man on board that ship, from the captain down to the

crew — down even to the cook, with tattooed arms, sweating among the saucepans in the galley, who used (with a touching affection) to send us locks of his hair in the soup. And so, while our feeling and recollections are warm, let us shake hands with this knot of good fellows, comfortably floating about in their little box of wood and iron, across Channel, Biscay Bay, and the Atlantic, from Southampton water to Gibraltar Straits.<sup>1</sup>

How touching and beautiful are these reflections upon the death of a fellow-voyageur at the Lazaretto of Malta :

'THE GIVER of life and death had removed two of our company : one was left behind to die in Egypt, with a mother to bewail his loss; another we buried in the dismal lazaretto cemetery. One is bound to look at this, too, as a part of our journey. Disease and death are knocking perhaps at your next cabin-door. Your kind and cheery companion has ridden his last ride and emptied his last glass beside you. And while fond hearts are yearning for him far away, and his own mind, if conscious, is turning eagerly toward the spot of the world whither affection or interest call it — the Great FATHER summons the anxious spirit from earth to himself, and ordains that the nearest and dearest shall meet here no more.

'Such an occurrence as a death in a lazaretto, mere selfishness renders striking. We were walking with him but two days ago on deck. One has a sketch of him, another his card, with the address written yesterday, and given with an invitation to come and see him at home in the country, where his children are looking for him. He is dead in a day, and buried in the walls of the prison. A doctor felt his pulse by deputy — a clergyman comes from the town to read the last service over him — and the friends, who attend his funeral, are marshalled by lazaretto-guardians, so as not to touch each other. Every man goes back to his room and applies the lesson to himself. One would not so depart without seeing again the dear faces. We reckon up those we love; they are but very few, but I think one loves them better than ever now. Should it be your turn next? — and why not? Is it pity or comfort to think of that affection which watches and survives you?

'The MAKER has linked together the whole race of man with this chain of love. I like to think that there is no man but has had kindly feelings for some other, and he for his neighbor, until we bind together the whole family of Adam. Nor does it end here. It joins heaven and earth together. For my friend or my child of past days is still my friend or my child to me here, or in the home prepared for us by the FATHER of all. If identity survives the grave, as our faith tells us, is it not a consolation to think that there may be one or two souls among the purified and just, whose affection watches us invisible, and follows the poor sinner on earth?'

Mr. TITMARSH was not at all overpowered with the associations of the Grecian Athens. He wonders whether ALCIBIADES was bitten by bugs, as he was, and he longed for the hammock or basket, as described in the 'Clouds,' which he thinks must have kept the vermin at bay. Mark the 'composition' of the picture which ensues :

'A French man-of-war, lying in the silvery little harbor, sternly eyeing out of its stern port-holes a saucy little English corvette beside, began playing sounding marches as a crowd of boats came paddling up to the steamer's side to convey us travellers to shore. There were Russian schooners and Greek brigs lying in this little bay; dumpy little windmills whirling round on the sunburnt heights round about it; an improvised town of quays and marine taverns has sprung up on the shore; a host of jingling barouches, more miserable than any to be seen even in Germany, were collected at the landing-place; and the Greek drivers (how queer they looked in scull-caps, shabby jackets with profuse embroidery of worsted, and endless petticoats of dirty, calico!) began, in a generous ardor for securing passengers, to abuse each other's horses and carriages in the regular London fashion. Satire could certainly hardly caricature the vehicle in which we were made to journey to Athens; and it was only by thinking that, bad as they were, these coaches were much more comfortable contrivances than any Alcibiades or Cymon ever had, that we consoled ourselves along the road. It was flat for six miles along the plain to the city; and you see for the greater part of the way the purple mount on which the Acropolis rises, and the gleaming houses of the town spread beneath. Round this wide, yellow, barren plain — a stunted district of olive-trees is almost the only vegetation visible — there rises, as it were, a sort of chorus of the most beautiful mountains; the most elegant, gracious, and noble the eye ever looked on.'

You have read many descriptions of oriental scenes like the following, but do you remember any thing half so vivid and clear? Mr. TITMARSH is giving us his 'First Glimpses of the East' at Smyrna, and is now (with you) in the Bazaar :

'THERE sat the merchants in their little shops, quiet and solemn, but with friendly looks. There was no smoking, it was the Ramazan; no eating, the fish and meats fizzing in the enormous pots of the cook-shops are only for the Christians. The children abounded; the law is not so stringent upon them, and many wandering merchants were there selling figs (in the name of the prophet doubtless) for their benefit, and elbowing onward with baskets of grapes and cucumbers. Countrymen passed bristling over with arms, each with a huge bellyful of pistols and daggers in his girdle; fierce, but not the least dangerous. Wild swarthy Arabs, who had come in with the caravans, walked solemnly about, very different in look and demeanor from the sleek inhabitants of the town. Greeks and Jews squatted and smoked, their shops tended by sallow-faced boys, with large eyes, who smiled and welcomed you in; negroes bustled about in gaudy colors; and women, with black nose-bags and shuf-

fling yellow slippers, chatted and bargained at the doors of the little shops. There was the rope quarter and the sweetmeat quarter, and the pipe-bazaar and the arm-bazaar, and the little turned up shoe-quarter, and the shops where ready-made jackets and pelisses were swinging, and the region where, under the ragged awnings, regiments of tailors were at work. The sun peeps through these awnings of mat or canvass, which are hung over the narrow lanes of the bazaar, and ornaments them with a thousand freaks of light and shadow. Cogia Hassan Alhabbal's shop is in a blaze of light; while his neighbor, the barber and coffee-house keeper, has his premises, his low seats and narghiles, his queer pots and basins, in the shade. The cobblers are always good-natured; there was one who, I am sure, has been revealed to me in my dreams, in a dirty old green turban, with a pleasant wrinkled face like an apple, twinkling his little gray eyes as he held them up to talk to the gossips, and smiling under a delightful old gray beard, which did the heart good to see. You divine the conversation between him and the cucumber-man, as the Sultan used to understand the language of the birds. Are any of those cucumbers stuffed with pearls, and is that Armenian with the black square turban Harun Alraschid in disguise, standing yonder by the fountain where the children are drinking — the gleaming marble fountain, chequered all over with light and shadow, and engraved with delicate Arabesques and sentences from the Koran?

'But the greatest sensation of all is when the camels come. Whole strings of real camels, better even than in the procession of Blue Beard, with soft rolling eyes and bended necks, swaying from one side of the bazaar to the other to and fro, and treading gingerly with their great feet. O, you fairy dreams of boyhood! O, you sweet meditations of half-holidays, here you are realized for half an hour! The genius which presides over youth led us to do a good action that day. There was a man sitting in an open room, ornamented with fine long-tailed sentences of the Koran; some in red, some in blue; some written diagonally over the paper; some so shaped as to represent ships, dragons or mysterious animals. The man squatted on a carpet in the middle of this room, with folded arms, wagging his head to and fro, swaying about, and singing through his nose choice phrases from the sacred work.'

How plainly one sees the towering camels in the narrow streets of Jaffa, with their splay feet, 'and leering eyes looking into the second-floor rooms!' At Jerusalem, rising in the morning, his first in that sacred city, our author condenses these memorable scenes, commanded from his terrace, in a single paragraph:

'We ascended from a lower floor up to a terrace, on which were several little domed chambers, or pavilions. From this terrace, whence we looked in the morning, a great part of the city spread before us: — white domes upon domes, and terraces of the same character as our own. Here and there, from among these whitewashed mounds round about, minaret rose, or a rare date tree; but the chief part of the vegetation near was that odious tree the prickly pear — one huge green wart growing out of another, armed with spikes as inhospitable as the aloë, without shelter or beauty. To the right the Mosque of Omar rose; the rising sun behind it. Yonder steep tortuous lane before us, flanked by ruined walls on either side, has borne, time out of mind, the title of Via Dolorosa; and tradition has fixed the spots where the Saviour rested, bearing his cross to Calvary. But of the mountain, rising immediately in front of us, a few gray olive trees speckling the yellow side here and there, there can be no question. That is the Mount of Olives. Bethany lies beyond it. The most sacred eyes that ever looked on this world, have gazed on those ridges: it was there he used to walk and teach. With shame and humility one looks toward the spot where that inexpressible Love and Benevolence lived and breathed; where the great yearning heart of the Saviour interceded for all our race; and whence the bigots and traitors of his day led him away to kill him!'

A single passage, descriptive of morning on the Nile, and the approach to the Pyramids, must close our quotations:

'HAIL! O venerable father of crocodiles! We were all lost in sentiments of the profoundest awe and respect; which we proved, by tumbling down into the cabin of the Nile steamer that was waiting to receive us, and fighting and cheating for sleeping berths. At dawn in the morning we were on deck; the character had not altered of the scenery about the river. Vast flat stretches of land were on either side, recovering from the subsiding inundations: near the mud villages, a country ship or two was roosting under the date trees; the landscape every where stretching away level and lonely. In the sky in the east was a long streak of greenish light, which widened and rose until it grew to be of an opal color, then orange; then, behold, the round red disk of the sun rose flaming up above the horizon. All the water blushed as he got up; the deck was all red; the steersman gave his helm to another, and prostrated himself on the deck, and bowed his head eastward, and praised the Maker of the sun: it shone on his white turban as he was kneeling, and gilt up his bronzed face, and sent his blue shadow over the glowing deck. The distances, which had been gray, were now clothed in purple; and the broad stream was illuminated. As the sun rose higher, the morning blush faded away; the sky was cloudless and pale, and the river and the surrounding landscape were daz- zlingly clear.

'Looking a-head in an hour or two, we saw the Pyramids. Fancy my sensations, dear M — ; two big ones and a little one! There they lay, rosy and solemn in the distance; — those old, majestic, mystical, familiar edifices.'

Looking back over our pencilled passages, we find we have skipped *seventeen*, each one of which is as interesting as any that we have given. Therefore, reader, buy TYTMARSH'S 'Notes of a Journey from Cornhill to Cairo.'

CORRESPONDENCE OF MR. RALPH IZARD, from the year 1774 to 1804. Volume one. New-York: CHARLES S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY.

MRS. ANNE IZARD DEAS, in presenting the letters of her distinguished father to the public, may well assume that in this her labor of love she is rendering an acceptable service to the country he served with such fidelity. We have perused the volume with great interest; and trust that a brief account of the author of these letters, and of the honorable stations which he held, may stimulate our readers to possess the volume before us, and the compiler to prepare and publish the others which should succeed it. MR. IZARD was born in South Carolina, of English ancestors; but at an early age was sent to England, that his education might be completed at Christ College, Cambridge; after which, he returned to America, and took possession of his estate in South Carolina. He subsequently married, returned to England, and resided for several years in London, where he enjoyed the society of the first people of the realm. His high and independent spirit was evinced long before the Revolutionary war took place, as the following anecdote will attest: His friends in England were desirous that he should be presented at court, but he always declined the honor; because, as a subject, it would have been necessary for him to bow the knee, which he said he never would do to mortal man. In 1774, the measures pursued by government gave great uneasiness to the friends of liberty, and particularly to Americans, and his mind became so harassed, that in order to relieve it, he determined to cross the channel and travel on the continent. On his return the next year to England, he in conjunction with other American gentlemen did all that was possible to avert the storm and open the eyes of the king and his ministers; and when he found that their efforts were all in vain, and that government continued to heap injuries on America, he broke up his establishment and quitted the country. He was soon after appointed by Congress Minister to the Court of the Grand Duke of Tuscany; but the independence of America not having been acknowledged, he thought it inexpedient to proceed immediately to Italy; and some changes having taken place on the continent, which prevented the Grand Duke from following his own inclination on that subject, he determined to return home. MR. IZARD had kept up a correspondence with the Abbe NICCOLI, who was the Tuscan Minister at Paris, and was enabled to give useful information to the Congress, who were desirous that he should be consulted respecting the treaties of commerce and alliance to be made with France. 'At this time, and on this occasion,' says MRS. DEAS, 'it was that a difference arose between MR. IZARD and DR. FRANKLIN, the particulars of which will appear, if ever the whole of the correspondence with many of the leading men of the time is published, both during the struggle for independence, and after it was achieved. Facts will be discovered which will no doubt surprise many: the editor can only regret the facts; they can neither be altered nor withheld.' He had a long correspondence with MR. ADAMS on the subject of the fisheries, and dwelt on the necessity there was for the Americans to establish their rights, before it was too late; and it is rather singular that he appears to have considered this a matter of more importance than MR. ADAMS did, although the latter was from New-England. When Commodore GILLON was sent from South Carolina to Europe to purchase frigates, and for that purpose to obtain a loan, he could not effect the object on the security of the state government alone. MR. IZARD came forward and pledged his whole estate, and

the business was then settled. His mind was constantly occupied in devising means for the relief of his country: his letters form a connected, and certainly a very authentic history of the important and interesting events recorded in them, from the year 1774 to that of 1795, the period at which he finally quitted public life. He arrived in America in 1780, and immediately repaired to General WASHINGTON's headquarters, where he happened to be when ARNOLD's treachery was discovered. He influenced the commander-in-chief to send General GREENE to take command of the southern army, for which he received the thanks of the governor of South Carolina. From that time, as is well known, a favorable change took place in American affairs, which led to the surrender of CORNWALLIS, and the termination of the war. Shortly after he was chosen one of the Delegates from South Carolina to Congress, where he remained until the peace. Subsequently he honorably filled the honorable station of senator in that body for six years; where his love of freedom, his liberal mind, strict integrity, and unflinching rectitude, were fully evinced; and though he differed in opinion with many of his contemporaries, he never lost the respect of any. He was frequently applied to for his influence to obtain offices under government; and General WASHINGTON remarked that he had never been disappointed in the character of those who had been recommended to him by Mr. IZARD. In 1795 he took a final leave of public life, and two years afterward was seized with a malady which terminated his useful and eventful existence, in May, 1804, in the sixty-second year of his age. He was an accomplished gentleman and scholar, a true patriot, and that 'noblest work of God,' an honest man. The correspondence of so eminent an American, covering so large and important a space, in a stirring era, and embracing the letters of all the 'giants of the time,' would surely form an attractive and valuable series of volumes; and we trust that it will soon find its way, entire, to the public.

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THE COUSINS: A TALE OF EARLY LIFE. By the Author of 'Conquest and Self-Conquest,' 'Praise and Principle,' etc. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

OUR readers are aware of the high estimate which we placed upon 'Conquest and Self-Conquest,' a work which should be in the hands of every family in America. The same attractive, easy style, the same excellence of inculcation, and the same natural convergence of incident, and development of moral, which characterize that work, mark the little book before us. The writer says, modestly, that it 'is a child's book, and nothing more.' We think, on the contrary, that it is a father's, a mother's book, as well; and that the gifted writer, in presenting a simple narrative of the simple events of childhood, showing the beauty and excellence, even in its earliest dawn upon the soul, of that charity which 'envieth not, vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, and doth not behave itself unseemly,' has rendered a great service to 'children of a larger growth,' for whose 'little people' it was more especially intended. BYRON has apostrophized, in one of his poems, a drop of ink; and dwelt, in a wide reach of his own peculiar imagination, upon the effects which it might be made to produce upon the world. It would be pleasant to trace in the minds of the young, the noble inculcations of a drop of ink, freighted with the thoughts of the author of the unassuming little book before us. The volume is neatly executed, upon a large clear type, and well deserves the favor to which we cordially commend it.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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'A SHORT CHAPTER ON ADVERTISEMENTS.'—The admirable correspondent from whom some twelve years ago our readers derived the amusing paper upon '*Vegetable Physiology*,' which was copied by the journals of the day from the Bay of Fundy to the Rocky Mountains, has sent us the following '*Short Chapter on Advertisements*,' which will be found to possess all the pleasant and sparkling characteristics of the writer's previous essay.

ED KNICKERBOCKER.

As a tree is known by its fruit, so is a man by his advertisement. Let craniologists amuse themselves by manipulating the *outer* skull; give me a peep at his 'three times inside' development, and I will distance them all, with Combe at their head, in arriving at his true character. He will betray himself in his advertisements, as in his cups.

Even when he thinks himself best concealed, having assumed a fictitious signature, he is but playing the woodcock part of hiding his head to no purpose. To illustrate: I am not the owner of any 'two-story house in a pleasant neighborhood;' but if thus comfortably possessed, I should hardly be induced to pay much attention to the inquiry after just such a tenement by 'a young gentleman with a small family,' who desires you to address a line to 'ROLLA.' I have met with a notice of a stray dog who was represented as 'answering' to that name, but doubt whether, under the circumstances, I should feel inclined to emulate that quadruped's sagacity. Indeed, from the extent of cleverness displayed in the adoption of such a *nom de guerre*, I should entertain a suspicion as to the advertiser's being endowed with sufficient strength of mind to know when quarter-day came.

But it is the body—the spirit, I may say—of the advertisement which should especially guide us. I can barely imagine that any one, unless *in extremis*, would voluntarily submit his head to the operating hands of a dentist who assures the public in a 'card' that 'he will spare no pains in extracting the teeth of those who will favor him with a call.' Favor him with a call! Yes, I think he stands fair, if his assurance hold good, to be favored with some extensively loud ones. And shall I, who am neither a Fry nor a Howard, go out of my way to patronize a tailor, because he gives us to understand that he is famous for his fits? And is a sensible person, with his eyes about him, to be deceived by the specious notice of a dry goods-man's 'selling-off,' when for the last six months his shop has afforded counter-evidence of his selling-on? There, he is at it now; hear him recommending that piece of shilling calico to



the anxious-looking woman: 'Fast colors, Madam.' Yes, good lady, you will say so yourself, when you come to see the rapidity with which they will disappear in the wash-tub. Observe that ticket wafered on the window-pane: 'Colored women's gloves.' Do n't be deceived into patronising the establishment on abolition grounds, Mr. Birney, for you may read on the ticket below, 'Green children's bonnets.' He has only put the adjectives in the wrong place.

Perhaps the most 'taking' advertisements are those in the controversial form, between individuals who may both have happened to hitch upon the same branch of business for a livelihood. Two dentists had a brush some time ago; I forget which got the better; perhaps it was what sportsmen call 'drawn'; but the public seemed to think it strange that they whose business chiefly consisted in holding *other* people's jaws, could n't ———; indeed, common sense and Æsop's fable might have dictated the policy of their both pulling one way. Then again, the 'milk question' at one time monopolized the advertising columns of the 'Sun.' The savage manner in which it was handled, made it but too apparent that there was no cow called 'Human kindness' in the dairy of either solicitor for public sympathy; and yet, such is man, we were unconsciously drawn into it; for although it was no great vaccine matter to us whether the animals are fed upon carrots or hay, yet we are free to confess a prejudice in favor of taking the 'pale result' of their ruminations in the natural way, without the addition of the Croton, which, to use the mildest language, does not shine in the galaxy.

But the great caoutchouc controversy now raging, bids fair, from the very nature of the subject, to 'stretch to the crack of doom.' Infringement of patent right is the *causa belli*, and as this is a game at which two can play, 'cribbage' seems to have naturally suggested itself, from the analogy, perhaps, between 'two for his heels' and the article of over-shoes. Ambitious of a *rubber*, however, they have called in judge and jury. Did it ever occur to them that the lawyers are keeping the game?

We can arrive at no positive conclusion from the signs of individuals denoting their different trades, mysteries or callings. To be sure, a little pardonable vanity may be predicated of the poulterer who calls himself a 'Turkey Merchant'; but he is doubtlessly as well entitled to the appellation as the crockery-man is to that of 'China Merchant.' A worker in hard-wood and ivory has a sign at the corner of the Sixth Avenue, whereon is neatly enough inscribed, 'Turning up this Alley'—which reads more like the fragment of a broken sentence than an intimation respecting billiard-balls and chess-men; now, as 'it is a long lane which has no turning,' and this alley happens to be a short one, I doubt the necessity of any notification whatever. Perhaps this very idea crossing the mind of the painter while at the job, accounts for its singular want of finish. But, as I before remarked, it is dangerous to speculate too closely upon this species of advertisement; for, as in a drought, so in a metropolis, all signs fail.

The title of a book is an advertisement, and one which requires more consideration than it generally receives. An author has become so familiar with the commonplace sound of his own name, that he is unconscious of the effect it may produce when conjoined with the subject on which he has been writing. Mark that short-necked man who came into Appleton's just now, for the purpose no doubt of making something of 'a bill.' Why has he colored up, and why does he move, in somewhat

of a circular manner to be sure, toward the door? Is he offended? No; the first book he set his eyes upon was 'Rush on the Brain.' Observe that well-fed-looking old gentleman; what a screwing up of countenance, and sudden twitching up of right foot: 'Treadwell on the Gout' meets his glance. 'Is there nothing else, Madam, you would like to look at?' 'Nothing!' says the lady with the smelling-bottle, hysterically, as she leaves the shop. She had seen quite enough—the title of the first book which had greeted her, was 'Bell on the Nerves,' and the second was 'Pitcher on the Head.' Now, I myself am not more squeamish than most persons, but on a certain occasion, when a little more bilious than usual, I confess to a very bilge-watery sort of feeling coming over me, as 'Watts on the Stomach' stared me full in the face. Let authors, who themselves of all others dread to be ill-spoken of behind their backs, have the same consideration for their books.

The Obituary and the Epitaph form another species of advertisement. The latter, like the signs before mentioned, are rarely to be depended on; their falsity has passed into a proverb; and 'Hic jacet' is generally with correctness spelled in translation, 'Hear lies.' The shorter the epitaph the better. 'My griefs cry louder than advertisement,' says SHAKESPEARE; and hence I was always favorably struck with the one on the tomb of an actor, once well enough known—'Exit Burbage.'

With respect to the Obituary, I remember to have seen one in by-gone days, which, after setting forth the customary 'Christian fortitude and resignation,' contained an invitation for the friends and relatives of the deceased to follow him, on the next day, to 'that bourne whence no traveller returns.' The style of the above betrays the pen of no very close reasoner, as the terms of the invitation would be apt to produce what logicians call a 'non sequitur.' The 'useful with the sweet' was well combined in the obituary of a French shop-keeper who died years ago in Paris. Therein the public were made acquainted with the virtues of the defunct, and informed in a 'nota bene' that 'his inconsolable widow still continued his business at the old stand.'

The grave got no victory, worth speaking of, over that woman.

In days of yore something might be gleaned from the names of cities relative to their several founders, locality, or other peculiarities; but that sort of advertisement does not obtain to any great extent with us of the New World. One would suppose that an insane schoolmaster had stood god-father for half the villages in the state of New-York; witness Homer, Virgil, Ovid, Troy, Carthage, etc., etc., and Rome, too! I wonder whether the inhabitants have the face (the face includes the nose, I believe,) to call themselves Romans! Now, this is unfortunate; for to the ear of a KNICKER-BOCKER it sounds not unprettily—certainly not unpatriotically—to hear a good matron boast of her being 'an old New-Yorker;' whereas it would go against the grain of any lady in our sister city, Troy, to proclaim herself 'an old Trojan.'

To conclude: In former days the names of individuals were advertisements of the quality, shape, or occupation of their respective bearers. As the *Boncaurs* (now Bunkers) were so-called no doubt from their generosity; probably the first of the name kept open house. *Little*, from the recipient of that cognomen being perhaps of a *short stock*; the *Clarks*, from their literary propensities, and so on. But the only name which occurs to me as substantially carrying out, even to the present day, the idea intended to be conveyed on its first application, is that given in the Scriptures to the devil—*Abaddon*!

THE DRAMA: PARK THEATRE.—The opera of '*Don Pasqualé*,' with Mr. SEGUIN as the '*Don*,' Mrs. SEGUIN as '*Norina*,' Mr. FRAZER as '*Ernesto*,' and Mr. MEYER as '*Doctor Malatesta*,' has been well performed at the Park during the past month. With only one exception, we consider Mr. SEGUIN the best buffo that ever excited the cacchinations of a New-York audience; and in '*Don Pasqualé*' he fully sustained his reputation. Mrs. SEGUIN is a pleasant singer, and at times faultless; but she is rather unequal, and lacks feeling, or the expression of it, which renders her execution less brilliant than it would otherwise become. Mr. FRAZER rather improves upon acquaintance; and we like his singing of the music of '*Ernesto*' better than that of any other part which he has heretofore undertaken. His serenade in the second act was a perfect gem, and worthy of the great applause which it elicited. Mr. MEYER is new to the Park boards, but is a great acquisition to the opera company. His voice is particularly full, round and clear, and his management of the music extremely agreeable. His acting partakes of the common faults of the majority of opera-singers, and is as hard, awkward and ungraceful, as his singing is easy, free and natural. We do not pretend to enter into a scientific criticism of the opera of '*Don Pasqualé*,' not being sufficiently learned in musical matters to do so; and having moreover no ambition to display our ignorance more particularly than by simply stating it. We are however competent to declare, that '*Don Pasqualé*' is a most agreeable opera, apparently well got up, and very fairly sustained by the SEGUIN troupe. . . . Mr. MARBLE has gone through his very limited number of Yankee characters with some applause. His style is peculiar; differing in many respects from the quiet school of HILL, or the more broad style of HACKETT. There seems a kind of *comic energy* about Mr. MARBLE; a sort of fervent western humor, of the DAVY CROCKETT character, which for want of a recognised classification may be placed by itself, and hereafter known and distinguished as the '*Wild Cat School of Comedy*;' for which school, in its present primitive state, we cannot affect any degree of vehement partiality. If a fit of comedy should suddenly seize upon our countryman, Mr. FORREST, we think he would be as much like Mr. MARBLE as '*Dromio of Ephesus*' is like '*Dromio of Syracuse*.' . . . THE efforts of Mr. VANDENHOFF to revive the old comedies at this house meets the approbation, and should receive the prompt support, of all who have pretensions to legitimate taste. It is not enough to *say* that this is the true course to pursue in order to sustain the drama in its purity; but it behooves all who really desire the regeneration of the old comic drama to countenance all efforts to that end by their presence at the theatre. With the support of such actors as VANDENHOFF, BASS, FISHER, ANDREWS and BARRETT for the principal male characters, and Mrs. VERNON, Mrs. BLAND, and Mrs. ABBOTT, for the female, almost any comedy can be well played, especially if the essential assistants *before* the curtain will only do their parts by mustering in full strength. The months of February and March are among the least attractive of the theatrical season, judging from the appearance of the house during this period. The greatest of the '*stars*' are usually beaming upon the southern hemisphere, and the lesser lights that twinkle in our sky suffer the medium of a somewhat hazy atmosphere. An unaccountable indifference to things theatrical appears to steal over our susceptible public about these days; the disposition to be amused seems hardly to have an existence. The fashionables, fatigued with the long routine of their insipid reunions, and *blasé* with the vapid excitements of the passing season,

seem to require a periodical repose, to recruit their energies for the spring and summer campaigns. A corresponding degree of listless immobility mantles in a sort of green stagnation the quiet surface of the managerial cauldron. 'Black spirits and white, blue spirits and grey,' no longer 'mingle, mingle;' the spirits have evaporated, the fire is out, and the contents of the pot have become 'thick and slab,' starchy and cold. The immortal SAM PATCH, our modern HOTSPUR, who thought it was 'an easy leap'

'To pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon,  
Or *dive* into the bottom of the deep,  
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,  
And pluck up drowned honor by the locks;'

our honest but ambitious financier, the regretted SAM, who when about to pay his last debt, 'did draw his *check* upon the bank of Genessee;' in that moment, with a spirit of prophecy, declared, 'Some things can be done as well as others.' Philosophic diver! — would that thou had'st been the manager of a theatre! Shade of the departed SAM! think'st thou that bold assertion of thine could have been supported by the result of thine efforts to gain *thysupport* from a theatre. The successful management of a theatre, SAM, was not one of the 'some things' which came within thy category! Instead of jumping *down*, dear shade! it would have been easier for thine embodied spirit to have have jumped *up* the Falls of the Genessee, than for thee to have profitably wielded the managerial baton! How like a great diplomat, a sort of High Commissioner LIN, stands the manager, between his great world, the stage behind the curtain, and which may be called 'the flowery land,' the abode of the celestials, and we, the public, the 'outside barbarians!' We desire to establish a commerce with parts of his wonderful country; upon the payment of a certain tribute our wish is granted. We would penetrate to the imperial city, and behold the strange magnificence thereof; we would feast our eyes upon wonders that have been hinted at in marvellous books of extraordinary travellers; but lo! the imperial LIN points to his 'vermillion edict,' the empty treasury-box of the Park-Theatre, and shaking his diplomatic locks, à la LORD BURLEIGH, signifies 'You can't come it!' TAGLIONI, GRISI, CERITO, JENNY LIND, RACHEL, and you, ye male celestials, TAMBURINI, LA BLACHE, '*cum multis aliis*,' when shall we behold ye? When will the great commissioner take off the embargo that now holds ye pent up in foreign lands? Echo answers, 'When the commissioner will come to terms!' Therefore, O most vermillion of imperial commissioners! exalt thy baton; screw up thy courage; be munificent, oh brother of the moon! and command the 'stars' to shine!' . . . ARKOROS, in this place, of a certain dramatic theme: We doubt if much benefit would be derived from the publication of the remarks of '*An Old Lover of the Drama*' upon 'scenic displays.' It cannot be denied — indeed we have it on the best recognized authority — that the painter often contributes to the success of a tragedy more than the poet. Scenes affect ordinary minds as much as speeches; and a well-dressed play has sometimes brought as pleased audiences as a well-written one. The Italians have a very good phrase to express this art of attracting the attention and admiration of the spectators; they term it *Fourberia della scena*, or 'the trickish part of the drama.' What would 'London Assurance' or RICHARD the THIRD *redirivus* have been at the Park-Theatre, without this '*fourberia della scena*?' We think it capable of demonstration, that one half of the large audiences who attended the last-named play at 'Old Drury' were attracted thither by the magnificent appointments which characterized its production upon the stage.

'O! FOR LAMPS THAT CAN NEVER BURN DIM!'—The fervent exclamation of 'Mrs. SMITH,' made to 'The GENTLEMAN IN BLACK,' at the first party of that now 'distinguished' lady, has arrested the attention of a town-correspondent, who has been thereby induced to send us some interesting and valuable information concerning ancient and modern lamps, which will compose a pleasant and useful page or two for our readers. 'It would seem,' says the writer, 'from an examination of the history of lamps, that in the perpetuation of the highest of all God's physical blessings, man had shown a strange stupidity. When the sun went down, from a want of proper means of continuing light by artificial illumination, he retired to his couch to sleep until the day restored to him the means of activity. As population, luxury and wealth increased, however, means were sought by which to prolong the day, or to secure the necessary light during the night. The Egyptians, Greeks and Romans vied with each other in the external shape of their lamps, which for all purposes of light were but a step in advance of the poor Esquimaux, with his Iceland-moss dipped in seal-oil, burning in a shell found on the sea-shore. Specimens of these lamps of the ancients have been transmitted to us. They display much taste and elegance of external design, but go no farther; for it is a singular circumstance, that notwithstanding the simplicity of the lamp, and its obvious capabilities of improvement, it is only within the last sixty years that any material improvement has been effected in its original construction. The wick of the lamp furnishes no part of the light consumed by the combustion of its own substance; for the quantity consumed is too small to merit attention, and it is usually coated over with a broad deposit of carbonaceous matter, which cannot burn for want of air, from which it is kept by the flame. To render the wick accessible to every part of the flame, in order to insure the most perfect combustion, is one of the essential objects of modern improvements in lamps, and hence the texture, materials and dimensions of wicks are matters of much importance. If on the one hand the wick be too large, a great deal of vapor from the oil remains unburnt in the flame, and breaks out in the form of smoke, producing a disagreeable odor; and if, on the other hand, the wick is too small, the unconsumed carbon will be naturally less, and the flame consequently clearer than those of a larger wick; yet it will yield but very little light, as the light diminishes with the superficies of the flame. The inconveniences of a thick wick had long been observed. Doctor FRANKLIN, whose surpassing wisdom was all brought to bear upon the wants and comforts of society, first noticed the fact that two small wicks placed close together gave more light than one equal in quantity to both; and it is from this single point of discovery that all improvements have spread. The smoke and smell arising from the burning of oil in lamps, and the unsightly appearance of the whole process, had long banished the lamp from the apartments of the wealthy. About the year 1780, Mons. ARGAND, a citizen of Geneva, first commenced his investigations on the subject. It occurred to him that if a line of little wicks could be placed in a circle, and a current of air admitted through the interior of a circle, while the outside air was applied to the exterior surface, the power of a large wick would be obtained with the brilliancy of a small one. This he effected in the manner in which we now see it in the lamp in common use, and which is known as the 'Argand,' the 'Astral,' and 'Solar' lamp; all of which are formed on the same principle. The lamp did not answer his expectations. Every attempt to increase the size of the

wick only produced a volume of smoke. The defect would have been fatal, had not accident supplied the remedy. This was the glass chimney, which, by increasing the current of air, produced a more perfect combustion of oil. This accidental discovery is thus related by the younger ARGAND: 'My brother had long tried to bring his lamps to bear. A broken-off neck of a flask happened to be lying upon the marble shelf; I chanced to reach it over to the table, and placed it over the flame of the lamp; immediately it rose with brilliancy. My brother started to his feet with ecstasy, rushed upon me in a transport of joy, and embraced me with rapture.' The invention created a great sensation in Paris, and the lamp, which is known in France as QUINQUET's, from the name of the artist by whom it was manufactured for ARGAND, was received with enthusiasm by the opulent families of the day.

'Doctor FRANKLIN has founded upon this one of his most happy and amusing papers, which he sent to the *Journal of Paris*, entitled, '*An Economical Project*.' He says: 'I was the other evening in a large company, where the new lamp of QUINQUET was introduced, and much admired its splendor; but a general inquiry was made, whether the oil it consumed was not in proportion to the light it afforded; in which case there would be no saving in the use of it. No one present could satisfy us on this point, which all agreed ought to be known, it being a very desirable thing to lessen if possible the expense of lighting our apartments. I went to bed as usual three or four hours after midnight, with my head full of the subject.' He goes on to say that he was accidentally awakened at six o'clock the next morning, and imagined, from the light shining in his apartment, that a number of those lamps had been brought into his room; but upon rubbing his eyes, he found it came in at a window which had been left open through neglect of the servant. He then announces the astounding discovery, which he claims as his own, and which he says must be as new to most of his readers as it was to himself, who had never seen any signs of sunshine before noon, *that the sun always gives light as soon as he rises!*—and proposed that instead of rising at twelve o'clock, the great world should commence their day at six! But the same causes which have made this plan impracticable in Paris exist in our own metropolis; and the value of lamps to supply the place of sunshine still exists in all its extent. The lamp of ARGAND was found to burn with a diminished lustre; and saloons like those of the 'Mrs. SMITH' of your admirable and mysterious PETER SCHEMIL, which commenced in splendor, were found in sad eclipse before the party was half over. To remedy this, M. CARCEL commenced his investigations, which have been continued until perfected by DECAN, who spent many years in experimenting without attaining that desideratum which was sought for, and which is now attained—namely, *perpetuity of light*; and if M. ARGAND was indebted to a fortunate accident for his discovery, DECAN owes his improvement of the mechanical lamp to a happy dream. He related to a friend, from whom we have the anecdote, that he expended over eighty thousand francs in experimenting and making improvements of the invention made nearly twenty-five years before by CARCEL, and which, like all such inventions, was found too complicated for general use. These consisted in the adoption of a steel tube to supply the glass piston of CARCEL; reducing the clock-work to three wheels, all of which were made strong and substantial, and in simplifying the burner. One thing remained undiscovered to complete his invention, and that was, some method of communicating motion from the clock-work to the pumps enclosed in the reservoir of oil, which should not be liable to leakage. Burthened with thought on this subject, he one night retired to rest, and



dreamed of a pivot by which this motion was communicated! Waking, and fearful lest the dream should escape him, he rang his bell, sent for his workmen, and set them at once to work to try the experiment, which overcame the last difficulty known to exist to the perfection of the French Mechanical Lamp. It may seem strange that so simple a contrivance as that of the glass chimney, and of the mode of communication with the piston now adopted in the mechanical lamp, should not at once have presented itself; and doubtless in like manner it seemed the most natural thing in the world to make an egg stand upon end, to the sage 'Hidalgos' of Spain, after they had seen COLUMBUS flatten the egg on the table; or to the courtiers of ELIZABETH to weigh the smoke of the tobacco in Sir WALTER RALEIGH's pipe, after he had called for the scales and weighed the residuum of ashes; but such are the difficulties in the way of all kindred discoveries. When the Parliament of England offered their bounty for the discovery of a safety-lamp, Sir HUMPHRY DAVY, it is said, went through a long series of investigations which he only had the sagacity to set on foot, and which led to the discovery of his safety-lamp, which would have been reached at once had he placed a wire-gauze over the flame of a candle. The mechanical lamp, which is the result of so much time and expenditure, seems to have attained all that cost and machinery can accomplish. It is no longer a question, as was the case with ARGAND's in the time of FRANKLIN, that this lamp affords the greatest amount of light, and is the cheapest of all known methods of illumination. This has been shown by the experiments of Dr. URE and Prof. WEBSTER. The wick, which is of cotton and silk, is exceedingly thin, so that there is no vapor of oil, as in all other lamps, which is productive only of gas and smoke; and consequently there is neither smoke nor smell to destroy the purity of the atmosphere of a room, or to soil the drapery and blacken the ceilings; and that a lamp is found which gives the light of twenty-five sperm candles, while it burns at a cost of but two, should of itself satisfactorily answer all questions on the score of its economy and superior utility.' We should not be 'doing justice to our convictions,' after long experience of the merits of the 'Mechanical Lamp' of CARCEL, if we did not confirm the commendations here given.

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'THE IDEAL ATTAINED,' by Dr. HORATIO STONE, in our last number, had reference to a young artist named NIMMS, whose brief career was marked by much success, and greater promise of future excellence. He was a portrait-painter, but for some time previous to his decease, (which occurred about two years ago in the West-Indies, where he had gone with the hope of regaining his health,) he had been contemplating a subject in which he hoped to prove his capacity to produce something worthy of himself in the historical branch of his art. The subject was '*El Dorado*.' The conception was, that the pilgrim, after a long and fruitless search for the fountain, at last begins to feel the approach of death, and sinks to the ground in an agony of penitential grief for the errors of his past life. At the moment of dissolution he is supposed to see near him, but not within his reach, the long-sought spring, fed by streams pouring from an eminence whose summit is lost in the clouds. As he arises from the weeds of mortality, and with upward gaze and a look of infinite longing, strives to reach the source of the fountain, the SAVIOUR stands before him with outstretched arms to receive his spirit. This is the moment chosen for the picture; but the artist did not live to paint it. A beautiful Christian faith is said to have marked his departure.

Gossip with Readers and Correspondents.—A clever correspondent, upon whose head the bump of illustration, if there be such a cranial protuberance, must be largely propelled, 'comes down' with not a little force upon the aphoristic fallacy of APELLES, that 'a shoe-maker must not go beyond his last,' and endeavors to show the stupidity of the verdict, '*Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*' Our correspondent seems to think that 'the Man and the Hour' have arrived, to effect and witness the demolition of this time-strengthened heresy. Hear him: 'If there is any general principle actuating any portion of the human race to be gathered from the streets; if there is any widespread philosophy of the pavement, or any, the slightest fragment of instruction to be learned in the jostling crowd, I am the man to know it; and therefore I do assert, with as little fear of contradiction as a country minister who expounds the law to his congregation of gaping bumpkins, that the vile proverb of APELLES has spoiled more bon-vivants, soured more good tempers, mouldied more racy, sparkling dispositions, and stopped the growth of more humorists, than all the hypocritical and unsocial dogmas from the time of PLATO to that of Father MILLER. It has been as thunder in the wine-cellar, deadening that which was rosy and joyous, and making stale that which was bubbling and lively. Not only the shoe-maker, but the whole genus of Homo-Humanus, conceive themselves comprehended within the meaning of the statute. Thus the shoe-maker must not go beyond his last, nor the mason beyond his trowel and a barrel of lime; milliners confine themselves within the straitened limits of corsets and stay-laces, and actors never hear an exclamation addressed to the gods, without thinking of the upper gallery, the theatrical Olympus. There are doubtless some masons and some actors whom the cap may fit. If APELLES had but said, 'Come, you rascally cobbler! you found fault with the shoe of my painting—let the leg alone!' I never should have wasted this sheet or two of paper. But instead of putting his homely reproof into a homely guise, nothing will do but he must dress it up in the robe and tunic of the schools; bedizen it with the proverbial style, with '*ne*' and the subjunctive; rouge its cheeks with a Socratic tinge, and send it into the world to plague posterity! The shoe-maker, like all of his trade, must have blabbed, or we should never have heard of the story; for APELLES, I am very sure, smiled, whistled a bar or so, and so it slipped out of his head. Whenever I see a shoe-maker who can talk of nothing but kip-leather and high-heeled boots, or a tailor who wraps himself in an everlasting maze of broad-cloth, and whose words seem to emerge from his mouth under folds of serge and fustian; or a stock-broker, whose line of vision, and conversation too, seems to be bounded by discount and quotations; I bestow a hearty curse on the painter and his proverb, for a pair of narrow-minded, selfish, levelling autocrats. For myself, I like to see a man who has a hearty way of extending his hand to all trades, and opening his mouth and ears on all subjects; who can see beauty of workmanship in an axletree, though he himself is a maker of watch-springs, and can look at the handicraft of other men through spectacles of his own fashioning. There are apothecaries who barricade themselves round with an infinity of bottles and boxes, and can find nothing worthy of their notice that cannot be bottled and labelled. There are merchants whose range of telescopic vision is far out at sea, and who think it time lost to lower their glass and say, 'How d' ye do?' I know young men in love, who think that I must be under the thumb of the sweet passion too; ladies who ply their tiny fingers in making shirts for the heathen, who

sometimes say to me, 'How much did you subscribe last month to the mission to Honolulu?'—as if I too belonged to a sewing-circle, and read charity sermons! Widows, whose one idea is second-marriage; old maids, whose only wish is gossip; bachelors, who flit about the *beau-monde*, and wear their hats a little on one side, à la five-and-twenty, thinking of nothing but youthful airs and jaunty attitudes; tradesmen, professional men and politicians, form one grand battalion of *APELLES'* disciples, who will hunt their own favorite idea till it grows faint from running; dodging about after it under trope and metaphor and far-fetched figures. To see a knot of these self-sufficient worthies together, each fighting to advance his peculiar topic, you might think that a score of *LUTHERS* and as many *PORES* were doing battle for heresy and the established religion. The politician is stating the matter, pro and con; the shoe-maker has knocked down the argument with a side of sole-leather; and now the fencing-master is playing his *carte* and *tierce*, his *pique* and *repique*, and has pinked the cow-hide in a thousand places; anon, the fencer's sword shivers into countless atoms under the mighty battering-ram of the moral reformist; and argument, cow-skin, bilbo and battering-ram must all evaporate with the *beau's* *cologne*. Among my many out-door exercises, I sometimes, on some sunny day when there is no news stirring, and when the harbor and stocks promise a quiet afternoon, take a solitary ride on horse-back, and refresh my street-worn energies. On one of these occasions I had fallen into a contemplative mood, as my horse was breathing himself after a hard trot; and when I started from my reverie, I found myself in a part of the country with which I was unacquainted. A parcel of hoyden school-girls were dilly-dallying along the road-side, on their way home; picking here and there a wild-flower, and anon dropping it on the ground as others claimed their attention. With my best grace—for in my dealings with children I polish my demeanor and smooth off the rust with much more care than in conversation with *miladi*—I asked the frolicking group if they could tell me my whereabouts. One little girl, with her thumb in her mouth, and her eyes gleaming at the interest she thought I was taking in her affairs, replied: 'Yeth, Thir, thath the way to my theool, about a quarter of a mile, Thir; ith a real pretty theool, painted brown, and thtanding by a white dog; you can git a drink at a well out of a tin mug, if you want to.' At this crisis of the conversation, she grew pale at the thought of having spoken her feelings so freely to a strange gentleman, and with a glance at her companions, left me to my cogitations. She had never traversed the road herself, save on her way to school, and thought that I too must be seeking juvenile instruction, or was on a visit to the school-mistress. She had not perceived that the road stretched on and on, after it passed the well and the little white dog, but imagined that its destination was the school-house, and that all who travelled thereon were *A. B. C.*-ically inclined. And I said to myself, 'It is not *APELLES'* proverb then, after all, that has done the mischief: here is a little girl who has advanced no farther in her studies than 'two times two,' or 'three into six,' pursuing her single train of thought, and imagining that her interests and pleasures are identical with those of the world around her. 'T is the way of the world. Men women and children set up their own idols and golden calves, and call upon their neighbors to fall down and worship. Could *APELLES* and his rebuked critic have been forced to take a solitary ride together over a slow stage of a hundred stadia or so, and could the shoe-maker have been induced to have stuck to his last during the trot, the painter would have wished himself gagged a thousand times before ever he had given so unwholesome and

foolish a piece of advice. . . . WASHINGTON IRVING has somewhere drawn a touch-picture of two fervent lovers in humble life, dwelling with fond remembrance upon their little tokens of affection ; a broken sixpence, a lock of hair, or similar mementos of that love which 'passeth show' and knows no selfishness. GEOFFREY CRAYON's admirable limning was recalled forcibly to our minds the other evening by hearing the following simple lines sung to a sweet Irish air, that seemed almost to sob with the emotion which swells the heart of 'poor TERRENCE' while he bids his KATHLEEN farewell, who is about to depart for England 'on service' :

'So, KATHLEEN, you're going to l'ave me  
All alone by meself in this place ?  
But I'm sure you will never desave me—  
O, no ! if there 's truth in that face !  
Though England 's a beautiful country,  
Full of iligant boys, yet what then ?  
You would n't forget your poor TERRENCE ?—  
You 'll come back to ould Ireland again !

Oh ! them English 's desavers by nature,  
Though maybe you 'd think them sincere ;  
They 'll say you 're a swate charming cr'ature,  
But do n't you belave them, me dear !  
Ah ! KATHLEEN, *agrah* ! do n't be mindin'  
The flatherin' spaches they 'll make,  
But tell them a poor boy in Ireland  
Is breakin' his heart for your sake !

It 's a folly to keep you from goin',  
Though, faith ! 't is a mighty hard case ;  
For, KATHLEEN, you know there 's no knowing  
When next I may see your sweet face !  
And when you come back to me, KATHLEEN,  
None the better will I be off then ;  
You 'll be sp'akin' such beautiful English,  
Sure I won't know me KATHLEEN again !

'Eh ! now where 's the use of this hurry ?—  
Why bother me so in this way ?  
I 've forgot, 'twixt the grief and the flurry,  
Every word I was m'anin' to say !  
Just wait now a minute, I bid ye—  
Can I talk, if you bother me so ?  
Oh, KATHLEEN ! me blessin' go wid ye,  
Every inch of the way that you go !

THAT 'mad wag' 'PUNCH' served up some months since, in '*A Peep into London Society*,' a 'mental connection' with whom he had long been upon terms of intimacy ; 'MR. SPANGLE LACQUER,' namely, who had made a great deal of money 'somehow or another,' but in what precise way was not known ; who preferred an uncomfortable house in a part of the metropolis in which it was considered 'stylish' to live, to any of the most eligible mansions he could command, at half the expense, in a less 'fashionable' part of the town. MRS. SPANGLE LACQUER was 'a very fine lady,' who dressed by the fashion-books, and had for 'party'-pets two or three of those unshaven foreign adventurers who so often swindle their way into decent society, and glitter in the parvenu drawing-rooms of the metropolis ; occasionally disappearing, to be heard of no more, or reappearing rather too prominently, and heard of a great deal too much. There are useful lessons conveyed in the description which is given of the dinner-parties of the LACQUERS. The tables were loaded with plate, this being 'a point of economy after all, for people are not in the habit of devouring silver forks and candle-sticks, and they cost nothing to keep when not in use ; while with their aid a very little refreshment goes a very great way. Six brandy-cherries in the branch of an *epergne* become prominent portions of the feast, when they would be passed over in a saucer of blown-glass. The small mould of cream is aggrandized by the heavy moulding of the dish on which it is placed ; and throughout the whole banquet the same evidences appear of the economy of splendor. Indeed, the endeavor to pick out something slightly substantial, reminds you of SINDBAD hunting after food in the Valley of Diamonds, before the merchants above threw down the legs of mutton.' Such a dinner-party is one of the most melancholy examples which can be offered of the feudal service by which the givers hold their *caste* in society. Hospitality, which ought to be the primary cause, is triumphed over by jealousy or ostentation. The whole entertainment is an unmitigated series of attempts at rivalry and display. There is a mute eloquence in every cover and claret-jug upon the table, which seems to say, 'See in what style we do things here, compared

to your own establishment !' The premature and sickly vegetables, perfectly out of season, but forced and introduced solely for the gratification of the pleasures of the purse and pocket of the host rather than the palates of the guests, merely remind one of the money in the Eastern tale, which turned into leaves ; while the dreary conversation and attempt at *badinage* which pass about the table, in the constrained style of a horse in a curb and kicking-strap, with a clog at his heels, have something in them peculiarly distressing.' Good metropolitan reader, there is sage counsel concealed in the foregoing, if your wisdom could but find it out. And will not the satire apply to the 'party'-suppers, formal affairs of temples, white-haired pyramids, dishes of sweetened soap-suds, and the like, which one sometimes encounters even among us, and which monopolize the places of provocatives and substantial satisfiers of a wholesome appetite ? Have n't you attended a dozen such yourself lately ? 'Guess so !' . . . ONE of the earliest settlers of old Schoharie was a man named MURPHY, more familiarly known as 'Old MURPHY.' He was a terror to the Indians and their sworn enemy, for he had suffered much from their robberies, and wanton destruction of his crops and cattle. But his most deadly hate arose from the murder of his two brothers ; for which act he solemnly swore to devote his life to their extermination. 'Old MURPHY' was a wily enemy, as the Indians had well ascertained ; and they sought his life by all possible artifice and strategy. On one occasion their wiles came near being successful. MURPHY had a cow, which wandered from his cabin during the day to browse in the woods, with a bell suspended from her neck to indicate her whereabouts ; returning always at night to be milked, and with 'udders all drawn dry' to stand and 'inly ruminate' by the hut until morning called her to sally forth again. One evening she failed to return ; another day passed, and with it the hour 'when the kye come hame' usually, but *she* came not. Fearing that she had met with foul-play, MURPHY started, with his rifle on his shoulder, to 'look her up,' following the direction she was taking when she left the hut. After several hours of fruitless pursuit, the faint sound of her familiar bell in the distance gladdened his ear. 'It 's all right !' said he, in his delight at finding her ; and he rapidly neared the spot whence the sound proceeded, a thicket of close undergrowth, in the heart of the forest. All at once he stopped short. 'That is 'Old Spot's bell,' said he, 'but it 's not on *her* neck ; she do n't swing her bell in *that* way when she browses. There 's mischief here !' Cautiously approaching the spot whence the slow and regular 'ting-a-ling' proceeded, he saw at some sixty yards distant two Indians seated upon an old mossy log, peering intently now and then into the recesses of the wood, and at intervals of three or four minutes slowly swinging the cow-bell, which they thought would bring 'Old MURPHY' into their toils, 'as a bird hasteth to the snare.' But it was *his* hour of joy, not their's. He watched the movements of the red rascals as a cat watches a mouse when safe in her claws. Secure from observation behind a large tree, he selected the 'bell-wether,' and with deliberate aim sent a bullet through his heart. The Indian uttered one shriek, sprang three feet or more upward, and dropped dead beside the log upon which he had been sitting. His comrade looked round in amazement to gather the direction of the shot, and then shouldered the dead body of his comrade, and was moving off, when a second shot from the musket which MURPHY had by this time loaded, laid him and his dead companion lifeless together. There were two withered scalps hanging on each smoky jamb of Old MURPHY's fire-place for more than twenty years ; and he always regarded them with a 'grim smile' when he was rehearsing the history of their acqui-

tion. . . . 'Metropolitan Servants' is a very good sketch, but not *exactly* suited to our pages. The passage which describes the high below stairs of the 'royster-ing Milesians' reminds us of a scene drawn by STEELE, in the 'Spectator,' if we remember rightly. The servants of that day, it seems, when out of their master's sight, were wont to assume the names and titles of those whose liveries they wore. While taking a chop at an eating-place near the Parliament-House, the writer heard the maid come down and tell the landlady at the bar that 'My Lord Bishop' swore he would throw her out of the window if she did not bring up more mild ale, and that 'My Lord Duke' would have another double pot of half-and-half! His surprise was greatly increased on hearing loud and rustic voices speak and answer to each other upon the public affairs, by the names of the most illustrious of the nobility; till of a sudden one cried out, 'The House is rising!' Down came the company all together, and away! The ale-house was immediately filled with clamor; the landlady chalk-ing a mug of beer to the 'Marquis' of such a place, a mug of mild porter to the 'Lord Chancellor,' a pot of ale to an 'Earl,' three quarts to a new 'Lord' for 'wetting his title,' etc. . . . A LIVELY writer in a late English magazine contends, with a 'good show' of argument, that 'there is a very intimate connection betwixt a man's head and his hat;' the hat being in fact a sort of exponent or index of a man's character. 'The head,' says the writer, 'being the most honorable part of the human body, inasmuch as it is held to be the abode of the intellectual faculties, it necessarily follows that the hat, which is the covering of the head, defending it from showers and sunshine, and other 'skyey influences,' is the most honorable part of the dress. 'The hat derives a sort of reflected glory from the member of the body which it covers: there is a care bestowed upon it which is not extended to any of our other habiliments. We have pegs purposely to hang it upon; we have boxes expressly made to hold it; we have brushes purposely manufactured to smooth down its sides. It is, however, well worthy of all this care, being unquestionably the leading article of male dress. What a miserable, melancholy figure does a man cut who has 'a shocking bad hat!' Now, if our town readers would avoid this last category, let them re-pair to WARNOCK'S, in Broadway, near the Franklin-House, and avail themselves of his beautiful spring pattern, made upon the newly-invented block to which we have heretofore alluded. . . . THERE is great reason to fear that before the sentences which are now running from our pen shall have been placed in type, we shall have heard of the death of our frequent and always entertaining contributor, 'NED BUNT-LINE,' late Midshipman E. Z. C. JUDSON, of the United States' Navy. We gather from the public journals that a difficulty recently occurred at Nashville, (Tenn.) be-tween our correspondent and Mr. ROBERT PORTERFIELD, which led to a hostile meet-ing, in which, after three shots, the latter was killed, having been pierced with his antagonist's bullet in his forehead, just above the eye. The events which succeeded are very revolting: 'JUDSON was arrested, but the excitement was so great against him, that when he was taken before the Justice for examination, it became evident that he would be summarily dealt with. Some cried 'Shoot him!' others 'Hang him!' and a brother of the deceased shot at him several times: a number of shots were fired at him by others, and strange to say, he escaped all unhurt, ran off and hid himself in the City Hotel. Hundreds of excited persons collected around and in the hotel, and after searching some time, he was found, and endeavoring to escape, he fell from the third story to the porch without serious injury. The sheriff then took charge of him and conveyed him to prison, the people now seeming willing that the law



should take its course.' 'After he had been committed to jail,' adds another and in some particulars different account, 'in almost a dying condition from his fall, at about ten o'clock at night the mob, finding that he was still alive, broke into the jail; maimed and almost naked, they threw him into the street, to be hung! He asked for a minister, which was denied him; he feared not death, but requested to be shot, and begged that if there was any gentleman present, he would shoot him. They took him to the square and ran him up over the rail of an awning-post; the rope broke and he fell; when he was taken back to jail, where he lies to die some time during the night.' 'And this horrible, infamous outrage,' adds the 'Courier and Enquirer,' with significant emphasis, 'occurred in the streets, and was performed by the people, of Nashville!' We have been for many months in intimate correspondence with Mr. Judson, whom however we have never met personally. We have been made the repository of all the circumstances of his chequered and eventful life, up almost to the time of the occurrences above narrated. Of these it will be our province to speak hereafter. . . . WE have encountered more than an hundred times '*The Old Beggar Man*' whom our country friend 'P. T.' apostrophizes with so much feeling. He does not always sit in 'the gay Broadway,' however, but in all the busy thoroughfares of the metropolis 'holds out to passers-by his trembling hand.' Many a sorrowful eye have we seen turned upon him, and many a soft white hand drop alms into that withered palm. Did 'P. T.' ever read '*The Old Man's Song*?' Here it is:

'Oh Lady! do not weep for me,  
Because my closing hour is near;  
I only mourn that I should be  
So long a way-worn traveller here.

'These old white hairs are slender ties  
To bind me to so bleak a shore;  
A heart that only beats with sighs  
Cares not how soon it beats no more.

'The worm will soon feed on my breast,  
And revel o'er my senseless clay;  
But gnawing thoughts will be at rest,  
More ravenous and fell than they.

'The grass-green sod will heavily  
Press on the head it covers o'er;  
But light will every burthen be,  
When grief shall weigh it down no more.

'And dark will be my couch of rest,  
And cold, but free from pain and fears;  
Unshaken by my throbbing breast,  
Unwetted by my burning tears.

'Then, Lady! do not weep for me,  
Because my closing hour is near;  
I only mourn that I should be  
So long a way-worn traveller here.'

'THE WEST is a great country,' friend C —, writes a clever correspondent. 'Tall things happen there now and then. Here is a specimen: Having occasion to pass through the Upper Lakes last June, I was happy enough to find myself a passenger on board that palace of a boat the 'EMPIRE,' Emperor Howe commanding. My travelling companion for the time happened to be a thorough-bred 'Hoosier,' a prince of a fellow; one who feared God and loved fun and the ladies, but who was withal a most abominable stammerer. We had n't been long aboard, when the captain called our attention to a most remarkable-looking individual seated at the end of the cabin. I am not myself particularly handsome, and have seen some ill-looking men in my day; but so ugly a man as this had never crossed the scope of my vision. Howe declared him emphatically 'the ugliest man that ever lived;' whereupon my friend Tom offered to wager a half dozen of champagne that he had seen a worse one in the steerage. The bet was at once accepted, and Tom started for his man, who was to be brought up for comparison. He found the fellow a bit of a wag, as an intolerably homely man is apt to be, and, after the promise of a 'nip,' nothing loth to exhibit himself. As they entered the cabin door, my friend, with an air of conscious triumph, turned to direct our attention to his champion, when he discovered the fellow trying to insure success by making up faces. 'St — st — st — stop!' said he, 'no — no — none

of that! You st—st—stay just as God Almighty made you! You ca—ca—ca—ca—can't be beat!' — and he wasn't!' . . . Some amusing writer in the '*Spirit of the Times*' weekly journal has been trying to beat 'Professor INGRAHAM with his own weapons. In his Rocky-Mountain 'day-book journal,' etc., amidst various and sundry entries that are not so literary, we have passages from a novel which the writer is jotting down 'from day to day and from time time.' Here is a scene from it, describing the elopement of Lady KARRABELLA with 'her own ZERUBBABEL:'

'I WILL now join you and flee if thou wilt swear ——'

'I swear by ——'

'Enough! I'm satisfied ——'

'I swear by ——'

'No more — I come!'

And putting on her fancy cloak and calash, she stole down the stairs as soft as a mouse, and was soon folded in the arms of the dark figure. Oh, how pleasant are such sentiments! And fine are the emotion when two fond hearts in kindness join!

'I'm thine,' said she, 'now and for everlasting!' — and their lips met in a complete and refreshing kiss for the first time.

'No mistake?' said the dark figure.

'No! Zerubbabel, none. Doubt me not; but let us hie, hie hence. My tyrant father-in-law perchance doth see us now.'

A slight rustling sound was heard in the timber near at hand. 'Hark!' says she; 'nay, no more, but let us run — off! hence! away!' And soon they disappeared, the happy pair; but just then a tomb-like laugh fiercely sounded through the lot: thus, 'Ha! ho! he!' Did that awful laugh prognosticate bad luck to the refugees? We shall see. Oh, love, love! how powerful art thou! They say you are a boy; but it is a mistaken notion. Thou art a man — a strong man. Yes! love is great. And how happy and comfortable are they who are embalmed in roses!

The scene of our novel now changes to Barnstable on Cape Cod. We are obliged to go back to tell the reader of Mr. BILLINGS, the tyrant father-in-law of the handsome lady KARRABELLA. CALEB BILLINGS, when a boy, ——'

and so forth. Now is not this equal to some of the very best scenes in any one of the hundred novels that 'Professor' INGRAHAM has written within the last year? Let those who can *read* them make answer! . . . THE following lines by GEORGE COLMAN the Younger may receive additional interest from the fact that they were the last which he ever wrote. They are copied from the manuscript of the author: 'To Miss HARRIET FAUCET, (now Mrs. BLAND, of the Park-Theatre,) who desires me to write in her Album:

'My Muse and I, ere youth and spirits fled,  
Sat up together many a night, no doubt;  
But I have sent the poor old lass to bed,  
Simply because my fire is going out.'

WE take blame to ourselves for not having recently noticed the '*Southern Quarterly Review*.' The last number of the work is an excellent one, and reflects credit upon Mr. WHITAKER, the editor, as well as upon the literary merits of writers in the section where it is published; for South Carolina and Georgia have writers who do those states honor, (and they in turn honor them,) of whom we at the north hear little or nothing. The South has true scholars, who emulate the fame of a GRIMKE and a LEGARE; and we hope to see the '*Southern Quarterly*' made the medium of their communications with the public. We should be pleased to find the facile pen of our excellent friend and correspondent, Judge CHARLTON, enlisted in its pages. Surely, our 'Georgia Lawyer' would shine in his own peculiar region. . . . [ ] WE are compelled to omit altogether our '*Literary Record*' for the present month. The publications which it embraced will receive especial attention in our next . . . WE have received a great number of communications in prose and verse since our last, (including the welcome lines of 'J. G. S.,') which are under consideration.